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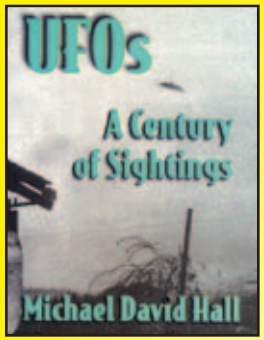

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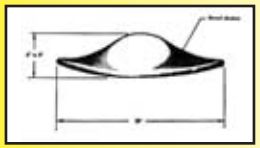

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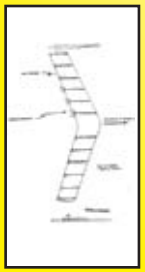

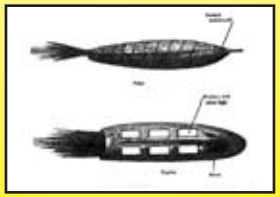

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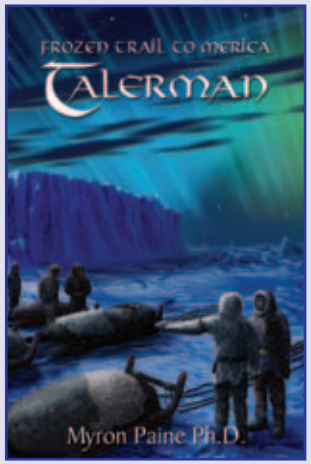

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Cover photo by Janet Brennan

I See by the Papers

Phyllis Galde

Holy Shift!

Did the poles shift? Well, not quite.

But NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory scientist Richard Gross in an agency release says the 8.8-magnitude earthquake in Chile was so powerful that it shifted the Earth's axis, shortening our days by 1.26 microsecond. The Earth's axis shifted by about eight centimeters (a bit over three inches).

A microsecond (one millionth of a second) might not sound like much, and your sleep patterns or birthday will probably not change, but they do accumulate. And as such a change will be permanent, over the decades and eons, it will eventually amount to a trickle of "lost" time. (If the scientists' early estimates are on target, this quake's impact, however, will take about 130,500 years to shear off a full minute.)—*Chicago Tribune, Scientific American*

Cracking Up

A gigantic crack has opened up in the Greenland Ice Sheet. It is an estimated 780 miles long and in some places it is five miles across.

Self-Hypnosis—Oops!

A circus performer stood locked in a trance for hours after he accidentally hypnotized himself while practicing his routine in a mirror.

Sword swallower Hannibal Helmurto, 38, whose real name is Helmut Kichmeier, stood transfixed in front of the mirror for five hours until his wife Joanna found him.

Unable to rouse him, she was forced to phone her husband's mentor, hypnotherapist Dr. Ray Roberts, who trained him on an intensive course recently.

Dr. Roberts spoke to Helmut over the phone and he slowly came out of the trance. Helmut said a person under hypnosis only responds to a voice of authority.

Joanna, 22, said: "I was really shocked when I found him, he was just like a zombie starring at himself in the mirror.

"His pupils had gone really small, which is a sign of someone under hypnosis."

Helmut, who has performed in the Circus of Horrors for four years, had recently learned how to put himself into a somnambulistic trance—a way of hypnotizing yourself—to enable him to swallow multiple swords in the infamous circus.

The performer, who is originally from Germany but now lives in London, said: "I underestimated the techniques and how powerful they were. I put myself in a very deep state and lost all sense of time around me."

He said he could not remember anything when he came out of the trance, other than getting up at 10:00 a.m. and starting to practice his hypnosis.

He said he had no idea where the missing five hours had gone.

"It is a very pleasant feeling, sometimes it is so pleasant that you literally forget the things around you and that is what happened to me," he said.

"Your body is absolutely relaxed. You don't feel a thing. On the one hand your body is relaxed and floating and on the other hand your mind is extremely focused on something."

The self-taught hypnotherapist has been practicing the art for nine years.

He added: "I have always been interested in hypnosis because I had seen it on TV and thought it was a right big spoof.

"I started reading and learning about it and it turns out it is not a big spoof at all. I got into it being a total disbeliever."

It is not the first time Helmut has found himself in a spot of bother while performing.

His debut performance in the Circus of Horrors was an unforgettable one for the audience in London after he skewered himself. He ended up in intensive care after piercing the inside of his respiratory tract when he tried to force a four-foot-long sabre down his throat.

He was rushed to hospital following the accident, which happened due to an infection to his larynx.

He was in intensive care for three weeks and was unable to eat or drink. However he made a full recovery and is still performing on the tour.—*London Daily Mail*

Brit Backs Disclosure

David Cameron, Conservative Party leader in the U.K., said he is convinced the Earth has been visited by aliens and has vowed to publish any secret files that may exist on UFOs if he becomes prime minister.

The Conservative leader promised to be "entirely open and frank" about what the government knows about close encounters after he was questioned about a spate of mysterious incidents at a public meeting in Tynemouth, on Tyneside.

A member of the audience asked, "Do

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you agree with me that the British people have a right to know if we have been visited, and if so, when you become prime minister will you seek to lift the veil of secrecy and give the public the truth that they deserve and that has been covered up for all these years?"

Cameron laughed and joked, "I'm convinced we have been visited by alien life forms—and one of them is the trade secretary Peter Mandelson."

He added, "I have no idea there is intelligent life out there and no idea whether any of the sightings which have taken place or whether any incidents which have taken place have any basis in truth.

"I do believe in freedom of information and openness and this question has been asked from time to time and I think we should be as open and clear as possible.

"What has tended to happen when people have looked at the Roswell incident, or when people have looked at pictures, is a rational explanation tends to be produced to try and show what has happened is not what those who believe in UFOs suggest.

"But I think we should be as open as possible, so I would be quite happy to give you a guarantee that if I became prime minister I would always be entirely open and frank about these things."—*Telegraph.co.uk*

Fish Fall in Australia

Residents of a small, outback Australian town have been left speechless after fish began falling from the sky.

Hundreds of spangled perch bombarded the 650 residents of Lajamanu, 400 miles south of Darwin in Australia's Northern Territory, shocking local Christine Balmer, who was walking home when the strange "weather" started.

She said: "These fish fell in the hundreds and hundreds all over the place. The locals were running around everywhere picking them up."

"The fish were all alive when they hit the ground so they would have been alive when they were up there flying around the sky.

"When I told my family, who live in another part of Australia, about the fish falling from the sky, they thought I'd lost the plot.

"But no, I haven't lost my marbles. All I can say is that I'm thankful that it didn't rain crocodiles!"

Lajamanu is located half-way between Darwin and Alice Springs, on the edge of the Tanami Desert.

This is not the first time residents of the small town have experienced fish falling out of the sky.

Resident Les Dillon, 48, said, "In the early 1980s I was at the Alice Springs Tavern Hotel and, when I walked out the door, I saw all these little fish, fallen out of the sky.

"Yes, I had a couple of beers, so none of my friends believed me. I have rung heaps of people to let them know I wasn't drunk back then. It had really happened!"

Strange Visitor

An unidentified California witness's attention was drawn to a three-foot-wide beam of light shining down on the backyard recently, and then a humanoid figure was seen.

"The light beam ended up moving towards one of my windows," the witness stated, "then held there about three feet away from it."

But the witness soon noticed something even odder—"what looked to be a projection on the white flowers on the fruit tree of a head and shoulders of a mottled brown and black reptile humanoid figure."

"It seemed to be mouthing words or something," stated the witness, "no nose, reptile-like folds where the nose would be, dark yellow eyes. It had a hand with three claws; one was bigger than the other two. It motioned while speaking. Teeth too, little points, they were white so they stood out against the color of the mouth. I couldn't hear anything, words or sounds for that matter."

"We have a marsh nearby and right now the frogs are mating so it is loud. I didn't even hear that when this happened. After a few minutes the beam, image, and eyes disappeared. I looked outside and saw an out-of-place blue, white star scintallating, and then it disappeared. If that star was projecting something and it hit my window from that angle, then it would have hit the spot right there on my fruit tree. Never saw that before."—*UFO Examiner,* MUFON

Chasm Opens in Greenland

A gaping crack seven miles long and half a mile wide has appeared in the huge Petermann glacier in northern Greenland.

Satellite images revealed the growing crack and an 11-square-mile chunk of ice splitting off the glacier. The chunk is about half the width of the 500-square-mile floating part of the glacier. Other, smaller fractures can be seen in the ice tongue, a long narrow sliver of the glacier.

"The pictures speak for themselves," says Jason Box of the Byrd Polar Research Center at Ohio State University. "This crack is moving, and moving closer and closer to the front. It's just a matter of time 'til a much larger piece is going to break off. It is imminent."

The chunk is about half the size of Manhattan, but that doesn't concern Box as much as the cracks. The Petermann glacier had a larger breakaway ice chunk in 2000. But the overall picture is worrisome.

"As we see this phenomenon occur-

ring further and further north— and Petermann is as far north as you can get—it certainly adds to the concern," said Waleed Abdalati, director of the Center for the Study of Earth from Space at the University of Colorado.—Associated Press

Sean David Morton Charged

The Securities and Exchange Commission has charged "America's Prophet," Sean David Morton, with fraudulently raising $6 million after telling investors he could predict stock market highs and lows.

The SEC's charges were filed in U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York against Morton and three corporate entities that Morton co-owns with his wife Melissa Morton under the umbrella of the Delphi Associates Investment Group.

According to the SEC's complaint, Morton began soliciting investors around the summer of 2006 by telling them that he would use his psychic expertise to provide investment guidance to his investing team. In one newsletter to potential investors, Morton falsely stated: "I have called ALL the highs and lows of the market giving EXACT DATES for rises and crashes over the last 14 years." Morton used his monthly newsletter, his website, his appearances on a nationally syndicated radio show, and appearances at public events to promote his psychic abilities. Morton made numerous materially false representations relating to his psychic abilities in order to solicit investors for the Delphi Investment Group.

"Morton's self-proclaimed psychic powers were nothing more than a scam to attract investors and steal their money," said George S. Canellos, Director of the SEC's New York Regional Office.

"Extinct" Frog Found

A frog species thought to have been extinct for more than three decades has been sighted in farmland in Australia.

A thriving community of yellow spotted bell frogs has been identified in the Southern Tablelands of New South Wales.

"I'm advised that finding this frog is as significant a discovery as a Tasmanian tiger," said NSW Environment Minister Frank Sartor.

The frog species' continued existence was first spotted in 2008. Experts then followed up the sighting and have now confirmed the identification.

It is the first sighting since 1973. Sartor said the location of the frogs would remain secret to ensure the survival of the species. There are plans to breed the animals at Taraonga Zoo for re-introduction to the wild.—BBC News

Brits Reveal Cryptid Files

There have been more than 100 sightings of exotic and unidentified animals in England since 2005, according to a dossier compiled by Natural England, a government agency.

They are the stuff of rural legend – but for decades, alleged sightings of big cats stalking the British countryside have been dismissed as hoax or fantasy.

Yet now a representative of Natural England, which is responsible for investigating such incidents, has declared that he believes these mysterious creatures do indeed exist.

His comments follow the release of a dossier by Natural England which lists more than 100 sightings of exotic, non-native, and unidentified animals in England since 2005.

Of these, 38 were "big cats." In some cases, members of the public claimed to have seen the creature itself; on other occasions, they reported finding farm or wild animals which had been attacked or killed.—*Telegraph.co.uk* Ω

Bulletin Board

*__Ozark UFO Conference__—April 9–11, Eureka Springs, AR *www.ozarkufo.com*

__UFO/ET Congress__—April 24–25, Bordentown, NJ *www.Drufo.org*

*__X-Conference 2010__—May 7–9, Washington, DC *www.paradigmresearchgroup.org/X-Conference2010/X-Conference2010.htm*

__McMenamins UFO Festival__—May 14–15, McMinnville, OR *www.mcmenamins.com/ufofest07/index.html*

__Haunted America Midwest Conference__—June 25–26, Decatur, IL *www.americanspookshows.com*

__Academy of Spirituality & Paranormal Studies Conference__—June 3-6, Allentown, PA *www.aspsi.org/anco/anco.php*

__Roswell UFO Festival__—July 3–5, Roswell, NM *www.roswellufofestival.com*

__MUFON UFO Symposium__—July 22–25, Denver, CO *www.mufon.com/symposia.htm*

__UFO/ET Congress__—Oct. 9–10, Bordentown, NJ *www.Drufo.org*

*Look for your FATE staff at these events.

The expression "getting into hot water" goes back to the 16th century when prisoners were boiled alive like lobsters in huge cauldrons.—*James Hines*

Mysterious Black Madonnas

The original Black Madonna of La Dreche sits high atop the main altar in her church outside the city of Albi, France. Found by shepherds perhaps as long ago as the ninth century, she has been painted and no doubt extensively restored. Though she and the child are painted white, she is still called a Black Madonna.

by Janet Brennan

Once upon a time, some shepherd boys guarding their flocks saw an odd sight across the field: a statue in the branches of a small tree, and a robed figure, whom they took to be a monk or nun, kneeling before it. As the boys approached, both the statue and its worshiper disappeared.

Perplexed, they ran off to tell their elders of the strange vision. When the adults came to the field, they too saw the statue and the kneeling person. But again, the image faded away as they drew closer.

The local priest was brought to the site. This time the statue did not disappear, and the priest was able to take it to his church. But the next morning, it was gone—the wooden statue of a seated woman with a child on her lap had returned to its little tree in the field. Once again the priest carried it to the church. And once again, the next morning he discovered it missing.

The statue, of course, had returned to its tree. The land's owner gave in to the obvious wishes of the strange statue and allowed the priest to build a shrine to it on the site. The church became a place of pilgrimage, and over the years the statue cured many sick people who knelt before it, especially children.

In a side altar at La Dreche sits this replica of the ancient original. The replica wears a gold dress; the original wears red, the traditional color for Mary Magdalene. The cloak on the replica is decorated with fleurs-de-lis, a symbol of French royalty, but the child has lost his crown.

You may dismiss this story as a fairy tale. But in fact the statue exists, and is still venerated at its church amid farm fields outside the city of Albi, in southern France. The statue is called the Black Madonna of La Dreche, "black" because the statue originally was unpainted dark wood, and La Dreche because the church is on the right bank of the Tarn River (*dreche* is a corruption of the French word for right, *droite*.)

Travel about 50 miles south and we'll come to another ancient church in rolling farmland, this time near the Aude River. This is the church of Notre Dame de Marceille, outside the town of Limoux. This church houses another Black Madonna; like at La Dreche, it's a wooden carving of a woman sitting on a chair, holding a child on her lap. She too has been painted, though unlike La Dreche she retains her brown skin color.

The Madonna of Marceille was discovered in medieval times by a farmer plowing his field. His team of oxen suddenly stopped and refused to move; when the farmer looked at the ground in front of his stalled oxen, he saw the statue pro-

The Black Madonna at Notre Dame de Marceille near Limoux, France, looks swarthy and Egyptian, though her baby looks like a white, blond-haired European. In 2007 a thief decapitated the statue, which dates from the 11th or 12th century. The head was later found in an antiques shop. The statue is now being restored, and the Madonna will, as always, return to her original site. When I visited the church in 2009, this photo was on display in the niche where the statue normally sits.

truding from the dirt. He took it home, but the next morning it was missing—that's right, it was back in the field. Back and forth between the house and the field it went, for three days, until the local monks agreed to build a church for it in its field. There it remained through the centuries, curing people and saving Limoux when it was threatened by fire in 1685.

So we have two similar statues not too far away from each other, which both were discovered amid supernatural circumstances and are believed to work miracles. Just a coincidence? You might think so, until you learn that there are at least 180 such statues in France, and as many as 500 scattered throughout Europe. In fact, Black Madonnas can be found just about everywhere, from Russia to the Americas, making the image not an anomaly but an archetype. But there is now great debate about who the madonna really is.

Scholars Get Intrigued

Black Madonnas are defined as statues or paintings of Mary, the mother of Jesus, having dark skin. Most of the artworks depict a mother and child, though occasionally the woman is alone. In some cases she is standing, but often she is seated on a throne. They usually date from medieval times, though their exact origins are often impossible to determine. Most are believed to have miraculous powers.

Though Black Madonnas were venerated for centuries, they did not become the subject of scholarly studies until the 1930s. The first serious study presented in English came in 1952, at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There researcher Leonard Moss discussed his study of some 100 statues from all over the world, and all said to cause miracles. He grouped them into three categories:

1. Those whose skin color and facial features mirror the local population. Such artworks are common in Africa. In the New World, a famous example is Our Lady of Guadalupe, whose image miraculously appeared on the cloak of a native peasant in Mexico.

2. Artworks that turn black from dirt, age, fire, candle soot, or paint pigments that have deteriorated. This used to be the explanation the Catholic Church traditionally gave for all Black Madonnas. It does not explain, though, why only the skin of the figures would darken but not their clothing, or why sometimes only the woman's skin is dark while the child's is light.

3. Those statues or paintings whose dark skin color has no logical explanation.

This statue is outside the Church of Notre Dame de Marceille. Though not a replica of the Black Madonna normally kept inside the church, the face of this blonde Mary is darker than the skin of her hands and neck and of her baby.

Competing Theories

Moss's third category has inspired many studies in recent times. Anthropologists, psychologists, religious scholars and feminist writers have put forth their own theories, most of which make sense and any of which could be true.

The most prosaic theory is simply that the artists were trying to portray Mary as a Semitic person. But the Black Madonna

A carving above the main door of the church at La Dreche depicts the Madonna wearing a crown. Black Madonnas often appear more regal and powerful than nurturing. She sits on a cathedra, "the seat of wisdom."

phenomenon originated in Mediterranean France and Spain, and those areas had a large Jewish population, so people knew Mary's skin would not have been black. The theory also doesn't explain those cases in which Mary is dark but her baby is white.

Another popular explanation is that the inspiration for Black Madonnas came from the line in the Old Testament book the Song of Solomon: "I am dark, but comely…I am swarthy because the sun has scorched me." The beautiful love poems in this book, also known as the Song of Songs or Canticles, were written at least 200 years before Mary's time and celebrate unabashed sexuality, so it seems quite a stretch to associate this verse with the Virgin. Nonetheless, a few statues actually have the words in Latin inscribed on their base, though they were probably added at a later date. And the famous French monk St. Bernard of Clairvaux gave sermons and wrote commentaries on the Song of Solomon in which he compared Mary to the Bride who speaks

in the poems. Bernard had a great devotion to Black Madonnas; he even claimed to have drunk three drops of milk from the breast of the Black Madonna of Chatillon. Bernard was extremely influential in France during the first half of the 1100s; is it a coincidence that France has the most Black Madonnas, and many date from the 1100s?

We cannot mention Bernard without including the Knights Templar, an order of soldier-monks founded by French knights in 1119 and popularized by Bernard, who wrote their regulations. The knights were instrumental in spreading the Marian cult, dedicating their many churches to Notre Dame (Our Lady) and building what were called "Lady chapels" behind the altars. While we assume the Lady in question is Mother Mary, might it have been Jesus's other lady, Mary Magdalene? Interestingly, the Catholic Church uses a verse from the Song of Solomon in the liturgy for Mary Magdalene's feast day, July 22.

The church of La Dreche resembles a crown. The current building was built in 1861, but the chapel where the original statue sits dates from the 13th century. The church was used as a fortress during wars with England in the 1320s.

The Templars worshipped Mary Magdalene; in fact, St. Bernard ordered that they take an Oath of Allegiance to her. Most of the Black Madonnas were discovered during the era of the Templars. They had houses throughout Europe, and some of their churches have Black Madonnas. Could the Templars have started the Black Madonna devotion? The idea of knights surreptitiously planting statues around the countryside in an effort to cultivate a following for Mary Magdalene might make a good plot for a novel.

Putting fiction aside, it is a fact that the cult of Mary Magdalene flourished in France during medieval times. Legend

A painting inside the church of La Dreche depicts the shepherds finding the statue in a small tree. Actually the statue was unpainted, dark wood when it was found, and it is still called a Black Madonna.

says she fled her homeland and sailed to France, landing near Marseilles with an Egyptian servant girl, Sarah, who some now theorize was actually the daughter she had with Jesus. Several churches in and around Marseilles have Black Madonnas that attract huge followings; in fact, some 50 sites associated with the Magdalene in France have Black Madonnas. Were these statues meant to represent Mary Magdalene, the obscure Mary of whom we know so little? The dark skin may have been an artistic convention to emphasize her sexual nature and differentiate her from the immaculate Virgin Mary.

Maybe the statues are not of either Mary, but rather images of a grown-up Sarah holding her own baby, who would be the grandson of Jesus according to the "Jesus bloodline" theory. Sarah is the patron saint of Gypsies, and they hold major pilgrimages to both the Black Madonna at Mary Magdalene's landing site near Marseilles and to the one at Notre Dame de Marceille. When Gypsies arrived in Europe they said they came from a place called Little Egypt; "Gypsy" is a shortened form of Egyptian. The smiling mother housed at Marceille looks Egyptian. Coincidence?

Isis and Beyond

Another mythical Egyptian is the leading contender for the true identity of the Black Madonna. That woman is Isis, ancient Egypt's most popular goddess. Her husband/brother Osiris was the god of the dead, and their son Horus was the sky god. Isis was worshipped as the divine mother not only in Egypt but eventually also in the Greek and Roman worlds.

Prior to 1500 B.C. Isis was drawn with

This painting inside the church of La Dreche depicts an event that happened to the statue in 1792. During the Reign of Terror revolutionaries destroyed all the artworks and sacred objects in the church, but for some reason spared the Madonna. To save it from any future attacks, two local women buried the statue at the foot of a fig tree near the church. After the civil wars ended a priest bought the church and dug up the statue.

the hieroglyph for a throne or seat above her head, representing royal power, and holding an ankh, the symbol of life. Later statues depict her seated on a throne, with Horus in her lap. It is this pose, seated and holding an infant, and her dark skin that make her a likely model for the Black Madonna statues. Also, Isis is often shown wearing a crown; Black Madonnas, too, often are crowned, and often holding a scepter. Could the statues have been a depiction of feminine power?

In every depiction of Isis I see, she is nursing her baby. In no Black Madonna statue that I know of is the baby nursing; rather, both woman and child are usually staring straight ahead, instead of looking at each other in a bonding moment. Many of the Black Madonnas look regal and powerful, not so gentle and nurturing as the typical pale-skinned Marys. They may well be goddesses, and formidable ones at that. Our Madonna of La Dreche appeared to St. Dominic in a vision when

he was praying at her church there in 1206. She gave him the first rosary, telling him to use it to fight heresy. He went her one better, founding the Dominican order whose friars used not just the rosary but torture and killing to wipe out the Albigensian heretics, named for the city where La Dreche is located. And that rosary she is credited with inventing is based on prayer beads used by Hindus, Buddhists, and Muslims and whose use is documented as far back as 1000 B.C., which could be another clue that her identity is more ancient and complicated than a medieval monk might think.

If not Isis, perhaps the Madonnas are replicas of statues of Demeter, Ceres, or other goddesses of a fertile earth who were worshiped throughout the Roman Empire. Many of the Madonnas found in the Middle Ages were discovered near the former sites of Roman garrisons; Notre Dame de Marceille is but one example. It's very possible that the artifacts are leftovers from the Roman era, misinterpreted by medieval peasants as the Virgin Mary. As the ancient statues crumbled over time, they could have been repaired or replaced by carvings that looked more Christian.

If the statues do not exactly represent the well-known Egyptian, Greek, or Roman goddesses, maybe they are more generic fertility figures. In 1845 more than 100 statues of a woman seated on a chair and holding one or more swaddled infants were unearthed near the town of Santa Maria Capua Vettere in Italy. These statues, dating from the sixth to the first centuries B.C., had been placed along the wall of a temple dedicated to Matuta Mater, a goddess of maternity. The statues, called *Madri* (mothers), apparently were votive offerings to the goddess, placed by women seeking a successful pregnancy or in thanks after a healthy birth. But our Black Madonnas differ from these figures in the same way they differ from the Isis-and-Horus artworks: the baby is not a wrapped infant but an older, regal-looking boy.

Curiouser and Curiouser

Rather than merely depict the fertility of women, the Madonnas may represent the fertility of the earth. The blacker soil is, the more fertile it is; the black skin of these Madonnas is one clue that they could be representations of Mother Nature.

Another clue is the fact that Black Madonna statues are almost always associated with natural phenomena—usually caves or healing springs, or both. Caves are seen as the womb of Mother Earth. Black Madonna statues are often worshiped in the caves where they were found, such as the well-known one at Montserrat in Spain; in churches built above caves, which is the case in Marceille; or in the underground crypts of churches, the most famous example of which is Chartres Cathedral. In addition, there is almost always a healing well or spring nearby—water being the other quintessentially female element. For example, worship of the holy well at Chartres dates back to Druid times, and Notre Dame de Marceille has both a holy well behind the church and a healing spring on the pilgrimage path to the church, reputed to be especially good for eye problems.

A roof covers the holy well outside the church of La Dreche. Many Black Madonnas were found near healing waters.

Possibly the most important clue to the Madonnas' identity is that they are always discovered in nature: in a well, in a tree, or emerging from the earth. And once discovered, they won't let themselves be removed from that place; over and over again we hear the stories of statues that wouldn't allow themselves to be shut up in a distant church, but kept returning to their home field or tree or spring. Oddly, the scholars who study Black Madonnas, even Jungian psychologists, stay mum on this aspect of the phenomenon—such superstitious nonsense makes scientists uncomfortable. But I think this is the most important aspect of Black Madonnas, and perhaps the defining clue to their real identity.

Sophisticated people can't accept that these stories could be true. But why do these back-and-forth, church-to-field tales

only apply to Black Madonnas, never the "white" Mary statues that every Catholic church contains? And why would the same theme surround statues in so many different countries? If the story is pure fiction, why is it so pervasive? I liken it to today's "alien abduction" paradigm. How can alien abduction stories, reported the world over and in disparate cultures, be consistent in so many details? Either there's something going on in the collective unconscious of the human race that's creating a mass hallucination, or the stories are literally true.

Maybe the Black Madonna phenomenon was the "alien abduction" story of the Middle Ages…or maybe the statues really were discovered just as the legends say. In any case, these statues are inextricably tied to their specific place. Every one of the Madonnas insists on staying in her original spot, and there she can work miracles.

People sometimes can feel the special energy of a place, can sense its animating soul. Whether personified as the Fairy of the Forest or the Lady of the Lake, the nature spirit is often perceived as female. In my opinion, each Black Madonna, dark as the earth and residing in her special meadow, tree, or spring, is the embodiment of her own little corner of nature. Call her Mother Earth, call her Isis, call her Mary—by any name, she is the Spirit of the Place. Ω

Janet Brennan is a writer and editor in Portland, Maine.

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Beneath the Pyramids

Giza's cave underworld and the mystery of Cygnus

The pyramids at Gizeh.

by Andrew Collins

On March 3, 2008 I entered a previously overlooked large tomb on the Giza plateau. I had come to this neglected area, west of the Great Pyramid, following new information that was set to challenge everything we know about the evolution of Giza's famous monuments.

My colleague, the British Egyptological researcher Nigel Skinner Simpson, had uncovered something unique in the recently rediscovered memoirs of Henry Salt (1780–1827), the British Consul General in Egypt, an avid explorer and collector of Egyptian antiquities. These recorded how Salt, in the company of his employee, the redoubtable Italian explorer and former sea-captain Giovanni Battista Caviglia (1770–1845), had entered a vast network of catacombs beneath the

plateau. After exploring them for a distance of "several hundred yards," they came across three large chambers of equal size, each interconnected, and with further tunnels leading away into the darkness. Yet having found no gold or treasure, Salt and Caviglia had given up their search and returned to the surface, giving no hint that they ever returned to this lost underworld of the pharaohs.

Tomb of the Birds

The only people known to have gone anywhere near this vast cave system after Salt and Caviglia were the British explorer Col. Howard Vyse (1784–1853) and his colleague, the engineer John Shae Perring (1813–1869). They would appear to have chanced upon the tomb marking the entrance to the caves during their routine explorations of the plateau in 1837.

Nothing is known of what Vyse and Perring found here, other than a brief reference to them removing the mummified remains of a very large bird. A later plan of the plateau drawn by Perring shows the tomb's deeply-cut façade, next to which is the legend "Tombs and Pits of Bird Mummies," indicating that they once served as a bird cemetery in which the mummified remains of birds were interred, perhaps in honor of a local bird cult.

There is no question that what Salt and Caviglia found back in 1817 is of immense importance to the Egyptological world, for rumors surrounding the existence at Giza of a vast underworld go back to the Pyramid age. Ancient Egyptian creation texts, as well as an assortment of funerary literature (i.e., books of the dead), speak of a hellish realm of darkness called the *Duat*, guarded by demons and snakes. It is this that the *ba*, or spirit, of the pharaoh (and later those of the priests, nobles, and laymen) had to navigate in order to gain rebirth and achieve an afterlife among the stars.

Underworld of the Soul

Egyptologists have always considered the *Duat* to be a purely mythical environment, meant to strike fear into those hoping to gain an easy passage to heaven. Yet there are clear indications that a physical representation of this chthonic realm existed somewhere in the vicinity of the Pyramids of Giza. It was said to have been ruled over by the earth-god Sokar, who in an ancient Egyptian funerary text called the *Am-duat*, the "Book of that which is in the Underworld," is shown standing on a massive multi-headed snake. Sokar, a falcon-headed god of the dead, had been patron of the sprawling cemeteries and pyramid fields that served the ancient city of Memphis, and in particular those at Rostau, the ancient name for Giza.

At South Giza, once known as Upper Rostau, archaeologists have found textual evidence of the existence thereabouts of an important shrine to Sokar honoring something called the *Shetayet*, quite literally the "Tomb of God." Inscriptions

tell us that the dweller of this hidden chamber was the god Osiris, Lord of the Underworld, who lies in darkness with a fiery radiance about him. Other texts preserved on the walls of the temple of Edfu in southern Egypt refer to this same chthonic realm as the *Duat n Ba*, or "Underworld of the Soul."

Mouth of the Passages

Adding to the belief that a physical representation of the pharaoh's underworld existed at Giza is the name "Rostau," which translates as something like the "mouth of the passages," an allusion to the entrance to this chthonic realm. Even after the fall of ancient Egypt stories persisted concerning what awaited discovery beneath the sands at Giza. For instance, the fourth-century Graeco-Roman historian Ammianus Marcellinus (fl. A.D. 360–390), wrote of "subterranean fissures and winding passages called syringes" beneath the Pyramids, which, he said, "those acquainted with the ancient rites, since they had fore-knowledge that a deluge was coming, and feared that the memory of the ceremonies might be destroyed, dug in the earth in many places with great labor."

Much later, Arab travelers recorded very similar tales following conversations with Coptic Christian priests and monks as the inheritors of ancient Egypt's forgotten wisdom. These stories told of subterranean passages created beneath the Great Pyramid by a legendary king named Saurid to preserve his race's knowledge of the arts and sciences in advance of a cataclysm involving fire from heaven and a subsequent deluge.

Halls of Initiation

It was with the knowledge of stories such as these that the first European explorers arrived in Egypt intent on discovering the lost treasures of the pyramids. As far back as the ninth century the ruling caliph of the Islamic world, al-Mamoun, spent an enormous amount of time and effort tunneling a hole through into the Great Pyramid hoping to find gold and treasure. This he failed to do, but those who came after him continued the trend, forever searching for hidden entrances to subterranean tunnels and vaults that were said to connect the Great Pyramid with the nearby Sphinx monument.

It was with similar motivations that in 1817 Henry Salt employed the Italian explorer Giovanni Caviglia to remove the sands that had engulfed the Sphinx since Roman times. Six months of digging produced no evidence of hidden chambers inside its body. Yet knowledge of the cave system, stretching beneath the plateau's famous pyramid field, now provides firm evidence for the existence of Giza's lost underworld.

Star Correlation

Bizarrely enough, my wife Sue and I had explored the tomb in question just one year earlier, in January 2007. We had

Henry Salt.

gone there to try to understand why this area of the plateau figured in a ground-sky overlay featuring the stars of the Cygnus constellation. Known more popularly as the Northern Cross, this prominent star group is located within the starry stream we know today as the Milky Way. In classical star lore Cygnus is seen as a swan in flight, yet among the dwellers of the Nile its stars served a different function. They would appear to have signified the womb and vulva of the sky-goddess Nuit, the mother of Osiris—the god with whom all pharaohs were associated in death. Indeed, the tomb and sarcophagus, in which the pharaoh was laid to rest, represented the symbolic womb of the sky-goddess. Inside this chamber of rebirth the soul or spirit of the deceased was expected to achieve transformation into an *akh*, a "glorious spirit," at one with the stars of the northern sky. In fact, among the oldest human burials uncovered in Egypt, the body of the deceased was laid to rest in a fetal position, signifying their symbolic return and rebirth within the womb of a primeval sky mother, seen as the progenitor of life on earth.

Working with British engineer Rodney Hale, I was able to determine that the placement of the three main pyramids at Giza reflected the astronomical positions of three key stars in Cygnus, those that make up the wings of the celestial swan. This star-pyramid relationship is confirmed in the knowledge that from a position south-southeast of the plateau these same three stars would have been seen to set down into their respective pyramids around the time of their completion, c. 2500 B.C.

The Hall of Records

Despite this astounding ground-sky relationship, Cygnus's brightest star, Deneb, remained without a corresponding marker on the ground. This puzzled me, until a colleague, having listened to my findings, suggested that the Deneb spot on the ground might signify something undiscovered, something underground. "Perhaps it's the entrance to the Hall of Records," he offered.

The Hall of Records was the name given to Giza's lost underworld by the American psychic Edgar Cayce (1877–1945), who as early as 1925 predicted that just such a hidden chamber, containing

the records of all those who had lived on earth, would one day be found in the vicinity of the Great Pyramid and Sphinx.

The discovery of the lost underworld at Giza explored by Salt and Caviglia might lead to fulfilling Cayce's predictions regarding the Hall of Records. This seems especially so, for the entrance to Salt and Caviglia's catacombs lies just a short distance away from the Deneb spot in the ground-sky correlation. It seems no coincidence, therefore, that for the ancient Egyptians this star personified the navel and womb of the sky-goddess in her role as the Milky Way—her legs being created by the starry trail's bifurcation to form what is known to astronomers as the Dark Rift or Cygnus Rift.

Wonderful Discoveries

Having determined to locate Salt and Caviglia's lost catacombs, I sought the help of the Association for Research and Enlightenment of Virginia Beach, Virginia, the research wing of the Edgar Cayce Foundation, who have supported research expeditions at Giza since the mid-1970s in the belief that one day the Hall of Records will eventually be found. With their support we made preparations to fly \ to Egypt. My intention was to conduct a second investigation of the tomb, which, I now concluded, concealed the entrance to the little-known cave system.

Having reached the site on camels that eventful day in March 2008, Nigel Skinner Simpson, Sue Collins, and I explored its every nook and cranny without discovering the entrance to any lost catacombs. About to move on to other nearby tombs to continue the search there, we noticed a crack in a rock face, once sealed by a mud brick wall. Peering inside, an incredible sight greeted us—a vast cave chamber filled with rock debris, and enhanced here and there to make it more rectangular in appearance.

Hesitantly, I descended into the darkness, as flocks of bats exited the entrance, disturbed by this rude intrusion into their natural habitat. After exploring the opening chamber and various side compartments, I entered a long cave tunnel that headed in the direction of Giza's third Pyramid. In the pitch darkness, I navigated a seemingly never-ending carpet of fallen rocks and boulders. The uneven floor, rife with dangerous cracks and hollows, was covered with animal bones, most likely those of camel carcasses dragged in by hyenas. This was something that Salt and Caviglia had also noted during their own exploration of the mysterious catacombs.

Dangers in the Darkness

Reaching a natural bifurcation in the cave tunnel, I felt it the right time to double back and return to the surface, having taken some 20 minutes to travel just 80 to 90 meters. On subsequent visits, Sue and I penetrated the darkness still farther, reaching a distance of perhaps 135 meters, before the air became too thin to con-

The Sphinx as drawn by Giovanni Battista Caviglia.

tinue. Adding to the ever-present threat of oxygen starvation and life-threatening diseases associated with bats and bat guano was the shock discovery in the caves of a species of spider that we afterward tentatively identified as the white widow. Putting your hands on one of these was not an option.

We knew from Salt's memoirs that the cave tunnels carried on for a minimum distance of "several hundred yards" before reaching three large chambers of equal size, from which ran further tunnels. More exploration might well reveal the greater secrets of this cave complex, formed by the actions of water tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Clearly, we had not found Cayce's Hall of Records, or the legendary Tomb of Osiris. Yet in the deepest cave compartment we found lightly incised parallel lines on the walls, giving hope that the caves might provide firm evidence of human activity on the plateau going back before even the pyramid age. The cave complex's existence nught even throw new light on the ancient Egyptians' belief in a *Duat* underworld existing at Giza in its role as Rostau, the "mouth of the passages."

Snake Guardian

Most extraordinary of all is the story told to us by an Arab tomb guardian, whom we encountered in the vicinity of

the Tomb of the Birds. He was elderly, spoke no English, and is unlikely to have been influenced by New Age visitors to the plateau. He knew the tomb, but refused point blank to enter the caves. When asked why, the man, who wore a headscarf and traditional *galabeya*, said that they were the abode of a giant snake called *el-Hanash*. Apparently, it is "nine meters (30 feet)" long, and anyone attempting to enter *el-kahf* (Arabic for "the cave") will be squeezed to death in its powerful coils. It is a fable, of course, yet one that echoes the very ancient belief that snakes of great size inhabited the *Duat* underworld, a tradition that persisted into Roman times with the belief that beneath the Great Pyramid reposed a god in the form of a huge serpent called Agathodaimon, the "good spirit."

I later learned more about the mysterious *el-Hanash*. One story told to me by a local craftsrnan in Nazlet el-Samman, the village of the Pyramids, related how this underworld serpent protects the entrance to the "Hall of Records." He will spit venom in the face and blind anyone who attempts to steal the great "diamond" it protects. Yet one day a chosen one will enter the caves and *el-Hanash* will blind him in just one eye. This person will go on to enter the Hall of Records and find the great jewel that has the power to bestow great powers.

It is a strange tale, tainted by modern New Age thought, although it seems to echo the ancient Egyptian belief that the Underworld of the Soul, or Tomb of Osiris, contains a power object that radiates an unearthly light. Clearly, nothing like this was found in the caves by Salt and Caviglia. Yet they left this underground world only partially explored, as we did ourselves, offering hope that one day this mystery will finally be revealed. Until then, it remains safe under the protection of *el-Hanash.*

All theories and evidence presented in this article are expounded in *Beneath the Pyramids* by Andrew Collins (Fourth Dimension Press, Virginia Beach, VA, 2009). For more information on Andrew Collins and his work, go to *www.andrew-couins.com.* Ω

***Andrew Collins** is a science and history writer and the author of various books that challenge the way we perceive the past. His latest book,* Beneath the Pyramids, *uncovers Egypt's cave underworld for the first time. Andrew, born in 1957, lives with his wife Sue near Marlborough, Wiltshire, England. For more information, go to* www.andrewcollins.com.

Ladislaus I

The Hungarian King Arthur

Ladislaus I.

by Boczor Iosif

László I, also known as Ladislaus I (c. 1045–1095), a valiant, wise, honorable, and pious Hungarian king, was an ideal of the medieval European knights. He resembles King Arthur in that his figure is surrounded by legends, but unlike the fabled British king, he is a historical figure.

He was born about 1045 in Poland. His mother was Richeze, the daughter of a Polish prince, and his father was the Hungarian king, Béla I.

László became king in 1077. During his reign he brought stability and welfare to Hungary. László defeated the Cumans, a Turkic speaking people, and was an ally of the Roman emperor, Henry IV.

He died in 1095. At first he was buried at Somogyvar, a village in the western part of Hungary. Then in 1115 his mortal remains were carried to Nagyvárad in Romanian Oradea. Now this city belongs to Romania.

According to *Varadi Regestrum*, a medieval manuscript in Latin, after July 27, 1035, on Saturday, a bright star sppeared above the cathedral of Várad. It was admired by a huge crowd for two hours.

László was canonized on July 27, 1192. Many pilgrims sought relief at the burial place of Saint László in the Middle Ages. The relics of the saint were said to have healing power.

At the beginning of the 16th century, fire devastated the cathedral where the relics of the saint were preserved, but the relics remained intact.

In 1660, the Ottomans occupied Nagyvárad and destroyed the Saint Ladislaus Cathedral, but a part of the relics were saved and carried to Györ, a city in western Hungary. An earthquake hit this region in 1763, but this calamity did not damage Györ.

The memory of this outstanding historical figure is preserved in many books, in the names of many villages, in statues, on the frescoes of medieval churches, and in many legends. There is evidence that some of these legends are rooted in reality and are derived from historical facts.

According to *Sanctus Ladislaus*, a Latin work by a Hungarian author, one night the king entered the chapel that he had endowed and prayed before the altar. When a servant peeked in, he saw with amazement that the king was levitating and radiating light. A Hungarian researcher attributes the light phenomenon to religious ecstacy. Many believers have seen light around the saint's burial place as well.

During the king's reign, the Cumans invaded Transylvania and were initially triumphant. Once László tried to escape from the enemy on his horse. At the Tordai Mountains he stopped, and looking at the sky, he said: "My Lord, rid me of my pursuers." After a few moments, the mountain split in two behind the king. The Cumans were stopped, shocked and helpless at the brink of the gorge.

Once, after a victory, a pestilence broke out in the camp of the Hungarian army. When the king was praying, a divine voice told him, "Shoot out an arrow before your tent and look for it. The plant which will be stabbed by the arrow will heal your army." The king quickly found the healing plant, *Gentiana nuciata.* The people called it Saint Ladislaus's grass.

Many people glorify Saint Ladislaus even in modern times. His feast day is on July 27. On this day many pilgrims from Romania, Hungary, and other countries visit the holy place in Nagyvárad, Oradea. Many reports testify to the healing power of this place.

A four-meter-high statue of St. Ladislaus stands before the Roman Catholic church of my native town, Baia Sprié. Many believers affirm that this statue has healing power.

Szenkovics Jleana, 64, told me, "I suffered from bad blood circulation in my left foot. After I had been praying at this statue for one month, one hour daily, the blood circulation has improved. Ω

Boczor Iosif *is a retired teacher in Transylvania. He is a regular contributor to several Hungarian paranormal magazines and a correspondent for the* Fortean Times.

Married to a Satan Worshipper

Satan worshippers.

by Leonard Martin

My friends called me a computer geek. My best friend told me once that I would probably fall for any girl who paid attention to me, and I guess he was right. I had spent so much time studying computers that I hadn't even tried to get acquainted with girls. Here I was, Leonard Martin, 23 years old and still living with my mother. I was average height with blue eyes and light brown hair; no Robert Redford but no PeeWee Herman either. My friends tried several times to fix me up with girls, but I just wasn't interested. Not that I wasn't straight, I was just very shy. Maybe things would not have been that way if my father hadn't died when I was a child and I hadn't wound up being raised by my mother. But then who knows if I would have turned out differently?

It all started out with just a ride home from the office. There were hundreds of employees in our office building in Nashville, but I couldn't help but notice her. She was young with shoulder-length, jet-black hair. I thought she was beautiful in a rather exotic way and I caught her glancing sideways at me when we passed in the hallway. One Friday afternoon after the offices had closed for the weekend, I saw her standing by the front door, crying. She said she had missed her ride. When I offered to drive her home, she stopped crying, looked up at me, and smiled. That's when I noticed her green eyes with golden flecks. She said her name was Ramona. I told her that my friends call me Lee. We drove to her little house at the edge of town and I walked her to the door.

He Gets in Deeper

After that day, I saw Ramona in the office a couple of times, but she didn't seem to notice me. Then, the following Friday evening, she suddenly looked up as I walked by her on my way out the door of the building. She was standing there as if she had been waiting for me.

"Will you give me a ride home?" she asked. Her face seemed to light up when I agreed. This time after arriving at her house, she invited me in, but I politely declined.

"Gotta get home to your mommy?" she asked sarcastically. She shot me a look that gave me cold chills. I decided that Ramona could find her own rides after that, and I could have kicked myself for telling her that I lived with my mother.

That Sunday afternoon, the phone rang and it was Ramona, her voice friendly and soft.

"Lee, I wonder if you could do me a favor?" she asked. "There are some boxes that I'd like to have in my attic, but I can't carry them up the folding stairs. Could you come over and help me with them?" The call took me by surprise, and before I had time to think it over, I said yes.

When I arrived at her house, the boxes were already stacked in a hallway. There were six of them, none very large or heavy. The folding stairway had already been pulled down. Ramona was wearing a white blouse, the bottom pulled together in a knot in front showing some very bare skin above a pair of red shorts. I know she caught me staring at her as she walked out of the hallway because she stopped at the door and gave me a big smile over her shoulder.

Strange Behavior

When I finished carrying the boxes up to the attic, Ramona had placed lighted candles in colored glass holders in a semicircle on the living room floor right in front of the couch.

"Come, sit with me," she said invitingly, patting the floor. Two cups of tea were on a tray on the floor beside her. I sat down on the floor then, thinking that it seemed a little weird as Ramona opened a book of love poems by Rod McKuen.

"I want to read some poetry to you," Ramona said, and she proceeded to read

the poems aloud while I sipped the tea. It wasn't like anything I had ever tasted; it was probably made with herbs.

"Did you like them?" she asked as she closed the book, and I tried to think of something polite to say. Some of the poems were sexually explicit.

"Oh, sure," I told her. "They were very New Age…" I stopped because Ramona was sitting cross-legged with her eyes closed, and her mouth was moving. She appeared to be praying. When she opened her eyes they had a strange look to them. They looked more yellow than green, probably a reflection from the candles. She snapped both her fingers, then smiled a sort of sly smile as people sometimes do when they know a secret.

She leaned forward slightly, gazed into my eyes, and said, "Call me Raven." I suddenly had a dizzy feeling and decided that it was a good time to leave. She glared at me as I got up, excused myself for leaving so soon, and backed out the door.

She Meets His Mother

The Sunday afternoon calls from Ramona became a regular occurrence. There was always some chore that she needed help with. I wondered what my mother would think of her, so I picked her up one Sunday and brought her to our house for a visit. My mother was hospitable to her, but she told me later that she had an eerie feeling all the time Ramona was there.

"I don't think your mother liked me," Ramona commented as we drove back to her house. I stayed for some tea and woke up on her couch in the morning. It took three cups of coffee to clear the fog away before I remembered where I was and that I had to get ready to go to work.

"This evening, we'll come home and I'll fix a nice supper for you," Ramona said sweetly as she touched my hand. She fixed breakfast and dinner for me every day for several weeks, and other than the candlelight poetry reading sessions, which seemed harmless enough, the arrangement was going pretty well. When she took me to meet her parents, they seemed glad that she had found someone who cared about her when I told them how much I wanted to marry this young woman. I proposed to her later that evening and she said that she would gladly marry me, but that I was to call her Raven from then on. I asked her why she liked the name Raven, but she would only say that lots of people have pet names.

"You told me to call you Lee, didn't you? Isn't your name really Leonard?" She had me there.

She set the date for October 31. On our wedding night, we had just gone to bed when suddenly a violent thunderstorm came up. As lightning flashed through the bedroom window, I was terrified when our bed began to move slowly across the floor. It stopped with our pillows even with the window. It hesitated for a minute, then slowly moved back, settling into place. The evil presence that I felt in the room was overwhelming. I

looked over at Ramona and she appeared to be sleeping, but there was a distinct smile on her face. I lay awake for what seemed like hours. After the storm subsided, I was able to get to sleep, and the next day I wondered if I had dreamed the whole thing. I just couldn't believe it actually happened. After that first night, however, our bed became a virtual playground. I had had no sexual experience, but Ramona changed all that. She had an insatiable sexual appetite and it was almost impossible for me to satisfy her. She constantly scolded me for being too inhibited and sometimes mentioned other men she had slept with, comparing me to them, which certainly did nothing for my performance. Some nights when things weren't going as well in bed as she expected, she dressed and left the house, not returning until the next morning. She would never say where she went and became very angry when I asked her. I became more and more frustrated and knew that our marriage couldn't possibly last.

The Thing in the Bed

One evening, we were in the living room watching television when she asked me to get her something to drink. When I passed our bedroom door, I felt a presence. I looked in and saw something on our bed. It wasn't human. It wasn't an animal, either, but it was about the size of a collie dog and it was stretched out on the bed. I was horrified to see such a creature and, as I looked at it, it grinned at me, the most sickening grin imaginable. I reached around the corner of the bedroom door and flipped on the light switch. It disappeared. I cautiously moved closer to the bed and saw an impression in the middle of the bedspread where something had been lying. As I moved closer, I felt a cold chill and the hair on the back of my arms began to stand up. I left the bedroom hurriedly, got Ramona a glass of iced tea, and never mentioned the experience to her. I hoped that she wouldn't notice that my hands were trembling. I must have been as white as a sheet.

A few days later, she quit her job after a heated argument with her boss. Her outbursts of anger were getting worse, especially if I forgot and called her Ramona. I decided to visit my minister for advice about some of these weird happenings. I first apologized for not attending church since our wedding, then told him about the evil presence I felt in our house, the bed that moved during the storm, the apparition on our bed, and Ramona's request that I call her Raven. He was visibly shaken.

"Son, there's no doubt in my mind that this woman is demon-possessed," he said. "Now, I don't usually advise people to get a divorce; after all, my business is marriage counseling, but you need to get away from her as quickly as possible while you still have your sanity."

I left and went from the church to a lawyer's office, filed for divorce, and that evening told Ramona of my plans to leave.

She flew into a rage and raked my arms with her sharp fingernails before I could get her down to the floor and sit on her. Her shrieking was so loud that a neighbor called the police and reported that it sounded as if I were killing her. An officer arrived at our house and I cautiously let her get up to answer the door. He came in and noticed that while she had no injuries, both my arms were bleeding, and he drove me to the hospital emergency room. They took me into an examining room and let me lie down. I was feeling dizzy by then. A doctor came in and looked at my arms. He shook his head.

"Looks like your cat got mad at you," he said. "I've seen a lot of cat scratches on people, and those are pretty nasty." I wanted to tell him that we didn't have a cat but was ashamed to say that my wife had done it to me, so I didn't explain what had happened. He cleaned my arms up, bandaged them, then gave me a tetanus shot. I got up to leave and he called after me as I was going out of the room, "If I were you, I'd get rid of that cat!" I thanked him, then stepped out into the hall.

The Divorce

The police officer was kind enough to wait for me and gave me a ride to my mother's house. I explained everything to her and she was glad to hear that I was ending the marriage. A couple of days later, a restraining order was served on me in my office, embarrassing me in front of my coworkers. Now I was forbidden to go within 200 yards of Ramona—as if I would want to. Six months after that when the divorce proceedings took place, Ramona came to court wearing pigtails, a frilly white blouse, a plaid skirt, and white anklets. She looked like a 16-year-old picture of innocence. The judge decided that she should have my car and all the furnishings I had purchased for her house. When we left the courthouse, Ramona got in my beautiful Chevrolet Chevelle, revved it up, and blew gravel all over me as she drove away. I stood there on the sidewalk with mixed feelings, part joy and part rejection. My mother drove me home from the courthouse and nothing was said as she began fixing supper. Finally I stopped wandering aimlessly around the house, looking out one window and then another, and went into the kitchen and set the table for her. We sat down to vegetable soup and cornbread and it was several minutes before she finally spoke up.

"How did you ever get mixed up with that girl, Lee?"

"I was just trying to help someone who needed a ride home. You taught me to always try to be helpful to people."

"I guess it's like that old expression," she commented. "No good deed goes unpunished."

I buttered a piece of cornbread as I thought over what she had just said.

"You know, that doesn't make any sense, Mom," I told her. As I continued eating my soup and cornbread I wondered if I had really seen something on our bed or if my imagination had been playing tricks on me. I'll never know for sure, but the scars on my arms from Ramona's fingernails are real, and years later they are still there to remind me of the whole unfortunate experience.

Postscript

After the unpleasantness related in this true story, I began studying psychology at Ball State University in Indiana. I married the dean's secretary and moved to Texas, where I began a career in law enforcement. My wife and I recently celebated our 33rd anniversary.

I am told that Ramona remarried soon after our divorce to a man who left his wife and five children for her, then a few months later had a heart attack and died. She moved to Florida and remarried two or three more times. Her present location is unknown to me as she left no forwarding address when she moved around, leaving victimized men in her wake. Ω

Leonard Martin *served 30 years in law enforcement before retiring to Smithville, Tennessee, where he now resides. He has written many short stories and essays that have appeared in newspapers and magazines.*

Murder in the Bath

The Death of Marat by Jacques Louis David.

In the most famous bathtub murder of all time, a 25-year-old girl stabbed to death a man exactly twice her age: Jean Paul Marat, leader of the French Revolution. Marat had a loathsome skin disease he had picked up while hiding in the sewers of Paris as a member of the underground movement and had to spend his days in a warm tub. Charlotte Corday had never set eyes on her victim before the day of this blood bath. Her motive? Purely political. Mademoiselle Corday was formally introduced to Madame la Guillotine in July 1793.—*James Hines*

Another Miraculous Rosary?

Where did these mysterious apports come from?

The two rosaries on the couch in the author's home.

by Ann Druffel

FATE readers may recall my article in the December 2002 issue describing the mysterious apport of a duplicate rosary, the original of which had belonged to my husband, Charles K. Druffel; Charlie had died only eight hours before. On the evening of November 16, 2001, the second rosary inexplicably appeared.

Charlie cherished that rosary because it had been brought back from Rome by our daughter, Carolyn Jean, ten years before. When Charlie died unexpectedly at the hospital, our daughters, Diana and Carolyn, waited with me during that difficult time. Diana had taken her daddy's rosary from the bedside table at home as we sped off after the ambulance and had used it at the hospital to pray that he would recover. After wthe doctor said that they hadn't been able to revive my husband, Diana returned the rosary to me while we drove home. In a state of shock, I put it in my jacket pocket, not thinking about what I was doing.

As we sat on the couch trying to make sense of what had happened, Diana asked me if she could hold the rosary to feel closer to Charlie, even though he was no longer with us. I had no conscious memory of where the rosary was, but I looked in my purse and elsewhere trying to find it.

Meanwhile, Carolyn went to her daddy's office down the hall where he had been before the paramedics arrived. She came out while Diana and I were looking for the rosary and, not realizing what we were doing, also asked me if she could hold the rosary, indicating that it might help her connect with him in some spiritual way. I didn't remember where the rosary was, so we all looked for it.

The Rosary Duplicates

Then Diana remembered that she'd given it to me during the ride home and I had put it in my pocket. I pulled out Charlie's rosary, grateful that it had been found. But the rosary seemed very heavy. When I opened my hand, we saw *two* identical rosaries. There was no logical explanation; we all gasped as we tried to make sense of this inexplicable happening.

Our second daughter, Diana Druffel Mauldin, holding the two identical rosaries while sitting on a bench at the author's home.

A few minutes later, a stunning realization came to me. Charlie, who loved all of our five daughters deeply, must have duplicated his rosary after he reached the other side so that both of his daughters could each have his rosary as a keepsake. At the same time I experienced a deep awareness that Charlie was alive in a spiritual realm and looking out for us as he had done all our lives. I gave Carolyn and Diana each a rosary. Charlie, somehow accomplishing this miraculous act, had taken away a lot of my shock, and I knew

that our family had to celebrate his life, which had been so precious to us.

About a year after Charlie died, I wrote "A Miraculous Rosary" (FATE, December 2002). One of the photos in that article, taken just a few days after the mysterious apportation, showed Diana holding both rosary beads.

Both Diana and Carolyn cherished their rosaries. Diana used hers daily, and so did Carolyn for the next six and one-half years. We had no idea which one was Charlie's original rosary and which one had been apported. It didn't matter; they were identical. Our family and friends gathered together for Charlie's funeral were amazed at the miracle. The two rosaries were regarded as proof of Charlie's presence among us

Diana Develops Pneumonia

Then, just as unexpectedly as Charlie had died, Diana passed away on the 16th of February 2008. She had been visiting her father-in-law Gene, in the hospital. He had been ill for years with emphysema, which had worsened into a condition which left him unable to swallow.

Diana's husband Mike also visited his dad every night, and Diana went almost every day for two weeks. She did everything she could to make him feel better, assuring him that everyone was praying for his recovery. After a few days, Gene developed pneumonia, as did Diana, a condition known as "hospital onset pneumonia."

Diana's symptoms included a terrible cough, deep exhaustion, and difficulty in breathing; she was now unable to visit Gene. She was sick for almost a week, but her doctor thought it was asthma. She was refused antibiotics and given Prednisone instead. Diana was diabetic, and Prednisone is a medication that has to be used cautiously by diabetics because of severe side effects. After three or four days Diana seemed to be a better, and on February 15, 2008, Debbie and her brother James were preparing to take her to a followup doctor's appointment. Diana didn't want to go see the doctor, but it became apparent that she was in deep distress. She lost consciousness, and Debbie gave her CPR as the paramedics were called. The ambulance arrived within a few minutes, reestablished her heartbeat, and rushed her to nearby Glendale Adventist Hospital.

Other members of our family and Mike's friends were informed. The hospital staff did everything possible for her. More than 20 of us gathered in the waiting room as, two at a time, immediae family were permitted in the emergency room. She was revived several times by the medical staff so that she breathed on the ventilator; her heart beat steadily and at first she seemed to be warding off the pneumonia. We prayed to St. Jude and to all the saints and spiritual sources we could think of. Debbie was using the apported rosary. As midnight approached, we were told that Diana's condition was

now stabilized. Before I left, I went in to see Diana, telling her how much I loved her, letting her hold her daddy's rosary, and assuring her that everything was going to be okay. She could not speak, but her eyes followed my every word.

Diana Passses

Her two daughters, Stacey and Debbie, remained with their mother; Carolyn, too, stayed most of the night. Stacey was with her mother when Diana had another heart attack about 3:00 a.m. She was revived again, her heart stabilized, but her general condition had become complicated. She had developed ketoacidosis, a complication of pneumonia. Stacey and Debbie were informed that their mother's condition had become critical, and they called Carolyn and Allis Ann to join them. They gathered around Diana, Carolyn and Debbie praying on Charlie's rosaries. With Carolyn's encouragement, Debbie and Stacey talked to Diana, recounting family stories that had happened during their lifetime together, about what a wonderful mother she was, and even laughing at times; Allis Ann sang spiritual songs. All felt that the experience was extremely moving, and apparently Diana felt so, too, although she could not express it in words. She had another heart attack, and the hospital staff once again tried everything to revive her, but this time it was too late. She died at 9:15 a.m. on February 16, 2008.

Suddenly Carolyn sensed that Diana was no longer in her body. She was floating above the bed, peaceful, wondering why the doctors were still trying to bring her back. Carolyn had the distinct impression that Diana was telling her that she had "stayed around until she knew it was okay to go."

The loss of Diana was incomprehensible to us. She was a person who seemed to live to help other people through life.

Gene Dies in Hospital

But grief was not to end with Diana's loss; less than an hour and a half after Diana passed, Mike's father, Gene Mauldin, also died at the hospital.

The double death of Diana and Gene was a terrible blow. And then, slowly, we began to make possible sense out of the mystery. Could my Charlie have met our daughter as she passed to the other side? And did Diana, with her marvelous talents, perceive all the beauty there in that heavenly dimension and say to Charlie, "Oh, it's so wonderful here! Let's go get Gene!" This scenario made sense to both Mike and myself and we shared this with our family. We were then able to set about handling our grief.

The Notebook

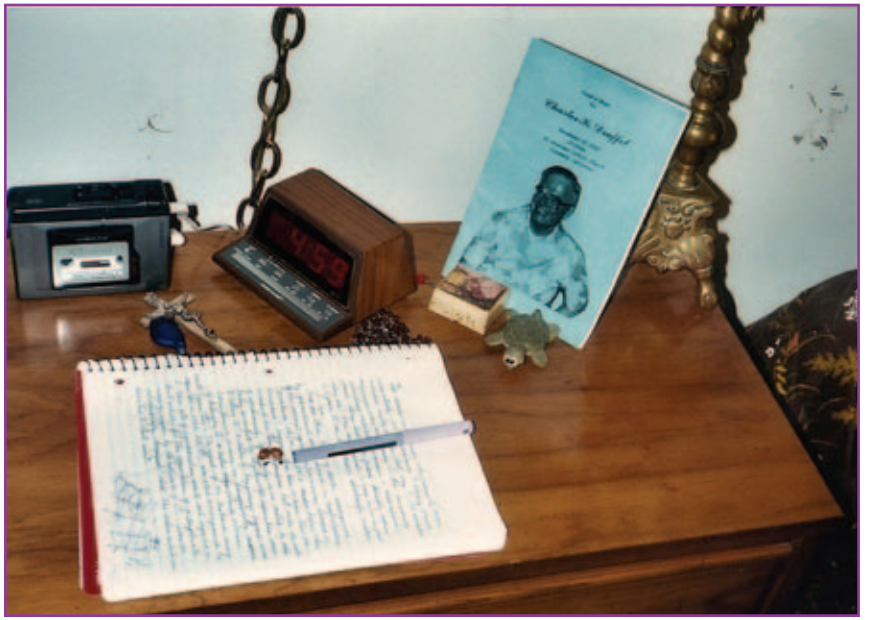
I determined to continue writing a book involving various research projects concerned with paranormal occurrences, UFO phenomena, and other world mysteries. I began writing down ideas as they came to me, sometimes in the middle of the night.

The memorial to the author's husband, Charlie Druffel, and to her daughter Diana Mauldin, on a chest of drawers in the author's bedroom.

Shortly after writing these notes, I came down with preliminary symptoms of the flu and began fighting it off with a remedy that had been prescribed some months before by my homeopathic M.D. These flu-fighting homeopathic capsules were oval-shaped and brown, and I kept the bottle in my kitchen for easy access. After taking the capsules a couple of days I felt a little better and, early in the evening after sunset, I walked into my bedroom and noticed, out of the corner of my eye, a considerable distance from the notebook, what seemed to be two of these capsules on the notebook page. I hadn't turned on a light in the room and didn't have my glasses on, and I wondered what in the world were two of those pills doing on my notebook?

Missing Beads

The next time I came into the bedroom, the two small oval objects were still on the notebook page, and this time I investigated. I discovered with immense surprise that they were not homeopathic capsules, but actually two of the three rosary beads which had been missing from a large wooden rosary I had been using for several years. I had looked for these beads but couldn't find them anywhere. After the three beads disappeared,



The author's notebook, photographed from a distance, showing two brown. oval objects, which the author mistook for two homeopathic capsules she was taking to ward off the flu.

I continued to use the rosary for several months; since there were only seven beads on the last decade instead of the required ten, I would back up three beads as I finished the last of the five decades and repeat those three beads to make up for the ones that were missing.

I tried to find a craftsman at church who could repair my large wooden rosary, but no one could repair it. I finally purchased a new rosary at church and put the incomplete rosary in its case.

All Beads Restored

Finding two of the missing beads so mysteriously on the page of my notebook in those difficult days after Diana's death was incomprehensible. I retrieved the wooden rosary from its packet. To my confusion, I saw the missing third bead already hooked on, at the end of the fifth decade which now had eight beads instead of seven. My wooden rosary could be complete again, in a most mysterious manner..

I looked across the room to the memorial table dedicated to Charlie and Diana. On the table was our daughter's photo as she held the duplicate rosaries that had apported over six years before. Was Diana sending me a message that she was safe and happy, in a spiritual realm,

The "complete" wooden rosary, with the missing eighth bead already mysteriousl joined, and the ninth and tenth beads ready to be joined to complete the fifth decade.

just as her father Charlie had reassured us that he was safe, in 2001?

I realize now that she is now with her father, and that they are both in heaven, together with Gene. How do those who have passed over to the other side know how to make those they leave behind feel better? Charlie did it by providing a duplicate rosary for two of our daughters who had a special love for his rosary.

Help from Heaven

And did Diana fix my broken rosary because she was still fixing problems from heaven, just as she had done all her life with her ability to help fix problems? And did she chose a rosary to "fix" because this was the most meaningful action she could do to persuade me that it was indeed she who did it for me? Like her daddy, she is still helping those she loved on earth Ω

***Ann Druffel** is a freelance writer and researcher who lives in Pasadena, California.*

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The Talented Young Forger

Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770), a 15-year-old genius who hadn't yet taken his first shave, pulled the wool over the eyes of the graybeards of London in one of the most celebrated hoaxes in the history of literature. He wrote some poems in a very old-fashioned style and then claimed he had found them in a cathedral ruins. The experts said they were the best ever written. But when the young author confessed they were his own compositions, the critics turned on him in a rage. Accused of fraud, sensitive Master Thomas committed suicide.—*James Hines*

Bird Shadows and UFOs

Bird shadows on beach at Puerto Vallarta.

by Ed Rogers

There are a many birds on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. It seems as if most birds can fly well, surprisingly for some. They have an affinity for the atmosphere, even chickens and roadrunners.

Travels on the coast, desert, mountains, and plains have revealed many birds in local environments. From little birds to big birds, they have fun. Their eggs are usually oval or round, like planets and orbits of planets, with the sun like a giant incubator. Sometimes they are aloof, and sometimes friendly in a natural way.

Many times I've noticed that they use their shadows on the ground as a reference point. They seem to play with their shadows. Many times they exactly crossed me with their shadows, unlikely to be a coincidence. Hawks and eagles even cast their shadows from high altitudes, enlarged with diffusion and dispersion of the atmosphere.

The pine woods on the coast have many birds that cast their shadows. Twice a year a very large yellow bird went to the top of a pine tree for a few days, then drifted off somewhere. A large yellow balloon drifted to the top of the same pine tree for a few days, then drifted on, an amazing experience. A few days later the large yellow bird flew right over my head and into the pine woods. It's amazing how birds can fly full speed into the woods and navigate. Maybe a golden eagle, rare in those parts, with mostly bald eagles. Later research showed golden eagles are not bright yellow. The bird was like a giant yellow canary the size of a turkey, maybe from Central or South America, exploring the northern Gulf of Mexico.

Late at night a severe thunderstorm deposited a blue and white sphere a couple of miles north. Seemed like the planet Earth, blue and white, and also round like a bird's egg. Then a giant red-headed ivory billed woodpecker stopped by for a couple of days on the lawn. They were supposed to be extinct, so I studied at the library since there were similar woodpeckers. Later there were sightings in a few swamps and western Cuba, so they were still around.

Sparky the Hawk

A large young hawk hopped around the yard for a few days. Then I heard a loud boom and the power went out. The next day reports revealed the hawk had flown into a nearby power station and blacked out the coast. There was a green flash visible from the giant Pearl River bridge 60 miles away. The hawk survived and was sent to the state capital for study. He was named "Sparky the Hawk."

So there was time for a journey to the far West Coast, amid reports of bird sightings. The ride scooted through Death Valley, where a large rattlesnake lunged at the car from the side of the road. A few miles later a large roadrunner had a rattlesnake in its beak, running across the desert. Wherever there are roadrunners around, there are few if any snakes. During mating season the males will attack their reflections on the glass doors of stores or "baby moon" hubcaps, which are round and have a similarity to UFOs or frisbees.

Then the ride went parallel to the Great Divide of the Sierra Mountains and on to Oroville, California, site of the world's largest earth-filled dam. There was a state campground, where three rivers come together.

Meteors Light the Way

The temperature would rise rapidly during daytime, so it was necessary to rise early to find supplies. When it was still pitch black, a white meteor exploded overhead, giving some light. An orange meteor then exploded and showed the way to a trail. However, the trail could have been covered by early morning rattlesnakes. A gold meteor went over and showed the way to the road. I was glad to have taken a meteorology class in college. Oroville was named after the city of gold because of vast amounts of gold found in the foothills.

On to the San Francisco Bay area, cool and foggy. Nearby Chabot Regional Park had some hilly campsites, a good way to save money on rent. A small fire trail went

along the park. It was good to sit next to a large chaparral bush or tree and relax. A large black snake went across the trail by a little creek. A large shape approached that looked like a deer. However, a large mountain lion promptly sat down across a gulley by a large bush. Not knowing what to do, I said, "Hey." A strong wind came up at the bush, and the lion took off over the ridge, with a loud crack. A large bunny emerged from the bush and hopped to me. The wind and dust subsided and the bunny followed to the campground. A large owl was out in the daytime over the giant eucalyptus trees and the camp, making a lot of noise. Maybe it had baby owlets nearby.

I learned that the Chabot Park was named after the person who invented the hydraulic mining that was used in Oroville and had caused vast floods because of sediment and was later outlawed. Then the giant dam at Oroville had a large earthquake that almost destroyed the dam, which would have flooded the Central Valley. Research revealed that it had been caused by the weight of water in the lake.

Strange Birds and Clouds

Some reports of strange birds were received from Brannon Island State Park, where the wind usually blows a gale in the Sacramento River delta. On the ride over, a large luminous cloud paced the ride, along some power lines. Then it hovered over the camp until I went to sleep. The crows and cows were noisy. When dawn came and I emerged, the camp seemed to be arranged the exact opposite way as when going to sleep. Seemed strange, but by then nothing seemed too strange.

A few days later a giant whale from the Pacific Ocean went to Brannon Island in the Sacramento River. One hundred thousand persons lined the banks. Then the whale found its way under the giant Golden Gate Bridge and returned to the pod.

At the campground a giant storm approached from the Pacific Ocean. A flight of ducks went overhead going west, then another flight of ducks went over going east, or maybe it was the same flight. The Pacific flyway on the delta is a major stop for migrating birds. After dark a few meteors went over going west. Then a meteor curved and went behind a cloud on the southern horizon.

A flashing light emerged from the cloud going east. With a gray dawn a thin edge of gold was the only light on the southern horizon. There have been reports of early days in New England when a thin edge of gold on the southern horizon was the only light visible.

After the storm many hundreds of birds of several sorts were chirping and tweeting next to the trail, and not afraid of anything. Birds seem to have a special relationship to clouds, which might help to direct them on annual migrations, like temperature and humidity. They increase their heartbeats in cold weather and decrease in warm weather. The clouds might seem like plasma to birds and their eggs.

A trip to the East Bay University library was time to study "Project Blue Book," an early study of UFOs. A question was whether respondents had ever seen a light going behind a cloud. I was reminded of the meteor curving and emerging as a flashing light. Nature can do anything it wants, so that is not too surprising.

By the Salton Sea

Then there was time to go to San Diego for a while. A tropical storm approached from the south, with hundreds of lightning strikes, and set a rainfall record for the date. Over the coastal mountains was a vast desert. I got a good job at a resort 200 feet below sea level by the Salton Sea. A large gold bird was on the top of a tamarisk tree before a storm, an event in the desert. The resort had a landing field for ultralight planes, and the Blue Angels practiced overhead. Sometimes the planes landed on the state highway when it wasn't closed by sand and dust storms.

There were reports of strange birds of the Ouachita Mountains in northwest Arkansas. Those are the oldest mountains in the U.S., even older than the Glass Mountains of Oklahoma. I rode to Mount Magazine, the tallest mountain between the Appalachians and the Rockies,. where there were many foothills.

At the top of a foothill by some cliffs, I made a little nest of twigs. A roadrunner came along, looked at the nest, and jumped off the cliff. They can fly well, like most birds.

Returning down the mountain there was an easy trail on a little creek, sometimes called a branch. The banks rose on both sides. A large black snake suddenly hurtled over the bank and landed right in front of me, then rapidly slithered away. Upstream a large gold owl made passes over the creek, maybe protecting owlets in the daytime. A little farther down was a little black snake with a green head, which seemed like a friendly little snake, and the trail went on.

Emerging on a meadow a large bunny scooted across the field.

A herd of large cows was sitting and lying around a pond. When they saw me they all got up. I motioned for them to sit down, which they all did, after one of them kicked a bucket nearby, maybe wanting salt or feed. An immense thunderstorm built over the pine ridge, with thunder to the south.

Back to the Gulf Coast

It seemed like a good time to return to the Mississippi Gulf Coast. There was a nice rental on the beach. Late afternoon two mockingbirds touched their bills on a nearby power line, a practice known as billing and cooing. The next night some colorful lights appeared behind the trees near the power line, to the west.

A night trip to the beach was interest-

ing. Severe thunderstorms had constant lightning in the distance. The city put on a fireworks display. The giant casinos on the beach had many colorful laser light shows under a full moon, before a giant hurricane blew them into a million pieces. The 40-foot storm surge lifted the remains onto the destroyed interstate highway, where they had to be blown up with dynamite.

Returning home, my trail went under ancient giant oak trees and big pines. Three black cats in a row crossed the trail under the full moon.

More Storms and Birds

Newspapers reported a big storm coming from the west, after drenching Houston with 30 inches of rain. For two nights the storms went over with constant lightning, and the coast was flooded. The coast is near the Gulf Breeze sightings, where there were many colorful birds, and many sightings of UFOs from the flourescent waters of the Gulf.

A sense of humor helped, since by then nothing seemed too strange. Then giant condos were built on my place, so it seemed like a good time to move. The new place was near the coast next to a pine woods, with lots of birds. Then Hurricane Katrina came along and destroyed the place. I was very lucky. (See "Night of the Ghosts," FATE, October 2006.) Massive migrations of birds going north preceded the hurricane. The entire state was blacked out, the first time that had happened. Finally, the place was rebuilt, all new.

On the beach there was time to feed a flock of seagulls. Some giant pelicans were sitting on the water. A seagull dropped a small fish right in front of me, thinking maybe I was hungry. The reciprocation was endearing. After the seagull departed the fish was returned to the waters of the gulf.

Late one afternoon two eagles were circling overhead. Sometimes they circled clockwise, sometimes counterclockwise. Their shadows were distributed and crossing me. It seemed strange at that height shadows could be distinct, maybe a result of diffusion, diffraction, and dispersion.

The birds were busy having fun. A mockingbird flew by, harassed by a crow. Mockingbirds chase crows a lot. Later I heard a ruckus and went to the porch. In the closest pine tree a large hawk had three crows arranged in a diamond shape, with the hawk on top. The mockingbird flew over to assess the situation. The hawk had the crows under control, and the birds dispersed after the hawk flew right over my head. The hawk was on top of the dispute, and it was sort of amazing.

The doves and mockingbirds were plentiful, and proud and happy parents paraded their young on the lawn. Then they flew to my roof. Some creatures don't know if they're male or female until the mating season, when the difference becomes apparent.

Hiking on a trail through the pine woods was good. A squirrel chirped in a strange way, so I stopped, then looked up. A giant fruit spider had made a web across the trail and was in the center of the web, a foot from my face. I went back. A mockingbird flew into the woods. A few days later the web was gone. On a spring day a mockingbird was calling my name. They can mimic many calls. It was nice to have company, even in an abstract way.

The squirrels can be playful. While walking with the neighborhood cat on the trail, a squirrel high above gnawed a pine cone loose, and it fell next to the cat, who jumped in surprise. Squirrels and cats generally don't get along too well, like cats and birds. Cats patrol the ground but try to get higher. Nature can do anything it wants.

Sometimes a flight of giant pelicans would fly over. They were in their traditional vee pattern, for aerodynamics. It was a reminder of the giant statues of Easter Island that had a good resemblance to pelicans, after the population disappeared in the deep blue isolation of the ocean.

Birds and Their Shadows

Birds have keen perceptions and can do seemingly amazing things, like fly above the landscape. They are sometimes near clouds or in the clouds. Simple optical refleclions from clouds to ground or ground to clouds are a reference point for birds. They keep track of their shadows as part of ancient instincts.

I was sitting on the porch on a nice day when some clouds drifted over. Then a few mockingbirds flew over, casting their shadows. To my surprise a dark shadow was also reflected on the clouds from the mockingbirds. Evidently their shadows can be reflected both down and up. The shadow looked exactly like a UFO. It was moving much faster than the birds, because of angular diffraction and dispersion. I had no knowledge of those phenomena, although on reflection it seemed obvious, a helpful clue of Nature after many years of study.

Maybe a large percentage of UFOs can be accounted for by shadows of day and nighttime birds having fun with their shadows.

A reminder of nights on the desert under stars casting shadows, because of the many stars. With a full moon there were shadows of those shadows also. Finally a logical explanation of UFOs. Nature has many secrets, and some are slowly revealed. Ω

Ed Rogers *has traveled extensively and has degrees in art and geography. He has written of the natural and supernatural, mostly about weather and the gentle creatures of nature. He has recently completed a book of travels with the supernatural.*

The Knights Templar and the Secret of the Scroll

Knights Templar.

by John White

The tradition of Freemasonry speaks of the "Lost Word" which its legendary founder, Hiram Abiff, took with him to the grave as he was building the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem about 1000 B.C. Is there a secret knowledge embedded in Freemasonry which has become lost or invisible to it? Various Masonic writers have indicated that is precisely the case. Freemasonry, they say, has lost touch with the deeper wisdom of its tradition. Some of its rituals seem to obliquely refer to that original-but-lost knowledge. For example, in "Royal Arch Masonry" by W. L. Tucker (*Royal Arch Mason,* Vol. 20, No. 5, Spring 2001, p. CT-5), we read:

> …we are told of the return of the sojourners [Jews in exile in Babylon] who wanted to assist in the rebuilding of the Temple and we are told of the Vault. This is pure history. After the candidate is lowered into the Vault [in the modern Scottish Rite ceremony reenacting the history] he feels around until he finds something like a scroll of vellum or parchment, part of the long-lost Sacred Law. What was found really was a way to return to the way of life founded on the principles of the Bible, symbolized by the scroll which was found.

Rosslyn Chapel

In the last decade or so, a growing number of Masonic scholars and historians have discussed a topic which may link directly to Tucker's statement above. In brief: There is evidence suggesting that a secret vault beneath the floor of Rosslyn Chapel near Edinburgh, Scotland, may hold some long-lost scrolls once possessed by the Knights Templar. (Rosslyn Chapel's floor plan replicates a section of the Temple of Solomon; Rosslyn Castle and environs, under the Earl of Sinclair, allegedly became the headquarters of the Knights Templar after they fled arrest in France in 1307 when King Philip IV violently suppressed the Templars.)

According to this emerging view of the Order of the Temple, or Templary, those scrolls, purportedly copper, were obtained by the very first Templars in the 12th century when they were allowed by the King of Jerusalem to establish their headquarters on the site of the Temple of Solomon. Working stealthily to excavate a secret vault beneath the Temple, they obtained a great hidden treasure which they knew to be there; that apparently was the true reason for their presence in Jerusalem. Part of the treasure may have been actual gold and jewels; that would help to account for the meteoric rise in wealth which the Templars are known to have achieved. But the greatest treasure, it is believed, would have been the scrolls containing ancient esoteric knowledge about the secret of Jesus.

Rosslyn Chapel.

The Secret Knowledge

What is that secret knowledge? In a word: enlightenment. I do not mean simply psychological transformation of the mind, but rather psychophysical transformation or transubstantiation of flesh, blood, and bone into a body of light—precisely the resurrection body which Jesus Christ demonstrated in his conquest of death. That is the "way to return to the way of life founded on the principles of the Bible" which Tucker mentions above. It would certainly qualify as "the rediscovery of the lost Master's Word in the rubble of Solomon's temple" noted by Thomas C. Berry in a letter to the editor of *Royal Arch Mason* (Summer 2001, p.

Timbuktu in Mali.

167).

On the basis of my reason, research, and personal experience, I have concluded that the real secret of pharaonic Egypt, from which so much in Freemasonry purportedly derives, is the attainment of the light body. That, I think, is the highest teaching which was conferred on initiates in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. I also think that esoteric knowledge was brought by Moses from Egypt into Judaism and later was recorded on the copper scrolls presumably hidden beneath the Temple in Jerusalem. (Moses, a Hebrew, was adopted as a baby by the Pharaoh's daughter and was raised as royalty, so he would have been schooled in the spiritual practices of Egypt.) If the Templars recovered that hidden teaching, it would be the greatest treasure in the world, far more than gold and jewels. It would be the secret of immortality and what Freemasonry calls "the lodge on high not made with human hands." I can't help but wonder if those scrolls are now buried beneath the floor of Rosslyn Chapel, as the recent book *The Hiram Key* indicates.

The New World

There is another aspect to the newly emerging story of the Knights Templar which also excites me. It is the possibility that America is the result of a Templar/ Masonic experiment intended to create the New Israel or Promised Land in the New World—not a Jewish nation but a universally God-centered and moral society, as Israel was called to be by Jesus and, earlier, by the prophets. Here's my thinking about it, which I admit it is highly speculative.

Several recent books about the Knights Templar and the Holy Grail indicate that the African kingdom of Mali should be credited with two momentous facts bearing profoundly on Euro-American history. According to Michael Bradley in his 1988 book *Holy Grail Across the Atlantic* and, building on that, William F. Mann's 1999 *The Labyrinth of the Grail,* by the 14th century the Emperor of Mali had ships going to the New World, and other Africans had crossed much earlier. Stone statues in Central America of men with negroid features appear to be mute testimony to this extraordinary achievement. Transatlantic travel could not have been done without the development of a method to measure longitude. That means Africans solved the problem of determining longitude at sea long before Europeans did. However, the knowledge was lost and apparently had no influence on the solution developed by Europeans in the 18th century.

Why it was lost and why Malian seafaring culture declined are topics for research. The Bradley-Mann thesis contends that knowledge of longitude measurement was passed from Mali to Arabic culture, and thence to the Knights Templar, whose interactions with Arab Muslims in the Middle East were sometimes friendly rather than hostile. The Knights Templar, in turn, kept that knowledge secret, using it for their own purposes.

Those purposes may have included voyages to the New World a full century before Columbus, through Prince Henry Sinclair of Scotland and Orkney. In 1398 he sent a three-ship expedition which reached Nova Scotia and the East Coast of America, where the remains of a buried Scottish knight at Westford, Massachusetts, and the so-called Viking Tower at Newport, Rhode Island, indicate the presence of the Sinclair expedition. The Westford site has a knight carved into a rock cliff where the remnant of what appears to be a broken ancient sword was found. The knight's shield bears the crest of Clan Gunn, who were subjects of Sinclair. The Viking Tower's interior geometry, researchers say, is reflective of Templar design and 14th-century Scotland rather than Viking architecture.

Sinclair's forebears had granted shelter in Scotland to fugitive Knights Templar when King Phillip of France disbanded the Order of the Temple in 1307 and burned its Grand Master, Jacques de-Molay, at the stake. The Templar fugitives' fleet of ships left La Rochelle, France, and sailed around Ireland to Scotland. Those Knights Templar made Rosslyn Castle, the ancestral home of the Sinclairs, their center of operations. Rosslyn Chapel was begun in the mid-1400s and completed before the end of that century. It contains carvings of maize (Indian corn) and aloe, plants which are native to the New World. (Also see *The Lost Treasure of the Knights Templar* by Steven Sora.)

Templar-Mali Contact

How did the builders of Rosslyn Chapel get knowledge of New World plants a century before Columbus discovered America? As I mentioned above, the Templar contact with Mali-Arab culture during the Crusades led to it.

Because of their experience with the political corruption of the Old World, the Templars apparently conceived a secret plan for creating a new and better society in the North American wilderness. That plan became the basis of Freemasonry and its influence over the founding of America. Francis Bacon, who was a driving force behind the creation of the Royal Society for scientific research, was connected to the Templar remnant. He also wrote *The New Atlantis* about a mythical land to the west, and his account of that

land shows remarkable parallels to later historical developments in the New World, as if his book were a kind of secret blueprint for Masonic endeavors in the vast and virgin continent.

Over several centuries, according to the new view, Templary was transformed into Freemasonry, and by the time of the American Revolution, many of the Founders of America—those who fought for the nation, those who signed the Declaration of Independence and those who created the Constitution—were Masons. Among them were George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Hancock, Paul Revere, John Paul Jones and many others.

Perhaps there is a secret history to America, much like what has been alleged by Manly Palmer Hall in *America's Secret Destiny* and by others who claim there is an occult or esoteric foundation to America. Perhaps, just perhaps, America is in part a Templar/Masonic effort to advance human society on the basis of secret knowledge and secret activities, much as fables about the Illuminati claim. (Please note: I refer to the true Illuminati, better known as Ascended Masters, whose native state is the resurrection body or light body and who constitute the "lodge on high not made with human hands." The Illuminati conspiracy launched in 1776 by Adam Weishaupt of Bavaria was a false and corrupt use of the term which was rightly denounced by true Masons.)

It's all very far from being clear and certain to me, but if there is anything sacred about America, it is the idea that God is the author of our being and the source of our freedom, our sovereignty, our rights, our justice and our human dignity. Those are very Masonic ideas, injected into the social-political institutions of our nation by those great Masons who were among the creators of America. Was it purely chance, or has the hidden hand of God been guiding our affairs through the centuries and working through barely visible means which carry the symbols and substance of Freemasonry? Ω

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The Ghosts of Okinawa

Obon festival in Okinawa.

by J. D. Haines

Do you believe in ghosts? Nearly every culture has superstitions about the dead, and Okinawa, Japan, is no exception. The Okinawan culture, with its Chinese and Japanese influences, is very respectful toward the dead. Each summer, in late July or early August, according to the lunar cycle, Okinawans celebrate Obon, the Festival of the Dead. Obon is a Buddhist custom honoring the departed spirits of one's ancestors. It has come to be a family reunion holiday, when people return to ancestral family homes and visit and clean ancestors' graves.

Many Okinawans believe that after people die, they exist in a spirit world, where they can exert powerful influences over the living. Obon is a three-day festival that begins with *Unke*, which means welcoming day. On the evening of the first day, families hang lanterns outside or place candles along exterior paths to guide the spirits back home. They also open the doors to the house to allow the spirits to enter. Bowls of water are placed at the entrance so spirits can wash their feet after their long journey. The *butsudan*, a family altar containing wooden plaques with the names of ancestors, is

adorned with candles, flowers, and offerings to the spirits.

The second day, *Nakanohi* (middle day), involves praying to the ancestors at the *butsadan*. The third day, *Kui*, serves to escort the spirits back to their world. Lavish farewell dinners are prepared, incense is lit, and prayers are offered asking for protection and forgiveness of any perceived neglect. Some families throw *adanomi* (a fruit of adan tree) out the door to signal the ancestors it is time to leave. Others burn paper spirit money (*Uchikabi*) so the ancestors have no needs on their return to the spirit world.

When I lived in Okinawa from 2005 to 2007, I witnessed the celebration of Obon in the streets in front of my home. On the third day of the festival, groups of Eisa drummers and dancers wearing a traditional *yukata* (light cotton kimono), beat loudly upon their drums and chanted, escorting the spirits back to the realm of the departed. Another evening, I was surprised by an elderly Okinawan woman who appeared at my door to offer her services as a psychic. While I didn't require her services at the time, she left a business card in case the need might arise.

In a culture that venerates its ancestors by directly acknowledging the existence of their spirits in their homes, it is easy to understand how so many legends abound. Certain members in the Okinawan community are accorded special status because of their perceived supernatural powers. A *Kaminchu* is a medium; a hereditary position in a village usually assumed by a middle-aged woman.

A *Sanjinso* is a male fortune-teller who uses the lunar almanac and other books on the Chinese occult to answer questions. He may be called upon to answer questions concerning good days for marriages, funerals, and travel. A *Yuta* is an Okinawan psychic, usually a female, who is consulted in the event of a tragedy or unusual occurrence. Her advice is sought in cases of serious illness, nightmares, economic hardship, and problems at the family tomb.

Anywhere in the world where a tragic loss of life has occurred, experiences with the supernatural are common. During WWII, some Okinawans jumped to their deaths from the cliffs of Maeda Point. The Japanese military, which had enslaved the Okinawans in order to build a system of tunnels on their island, convinced them that the invading Americans would torture and murder them. Many Okinawans committed suicide by jumping off the cliffs into the sea rather than face the "foreign devils."

Many visitors to Maeda Point have since experienced inexplicable occurrences. The sensation of sudden cold temperatures in the tropical night, wailing voices and a pushing sensation toward the edge of the cliff are common. A ghostly monk has been seen near the caves at the base of the cliff and many swimmers have drowned in the waters beneath the cliff (the last in October of 2009).

The haunted Maeda Point, Okinawa.

Haunted sites are very common on the numerous U.S. military bases on the island. A WW II soldier in a bloody uniform is said to roam Gate 3 at Camp Hansen, appearing suddenly to ask the sentries on guard to light his cigarette. The hauntings were so frequent that many Marines refused to stand guard at the gate and it was finally closed.

Camp Foster is said to be the home of a ghostly Samurai warrior who eternally travels from Stillwell Drive up the hill to Futenma Housing. A house on Kadena Air Base, #2283, was converted into storage because no one would live there for long, due to reports of ghostly visitations. Some claim that the home rests on an ancient burial ground; others say a murder occurred in the home.

For more information concerning Okinawan ghosts, Jane Hitchcock has written a small booklet, *The Ghosts of Okinawa,* that contains many more stories covering ghost sightings in central and southern Okinawa, and on the seven U.S. military bases located there. The last two chapters concern Okinawan superstitions and helpful hints for ghost hunting. Ω

***J. D. Haines** is a physician living in Florida.*

Sasquatch Gothic

A historical overview of a North American phenomenon

Part II

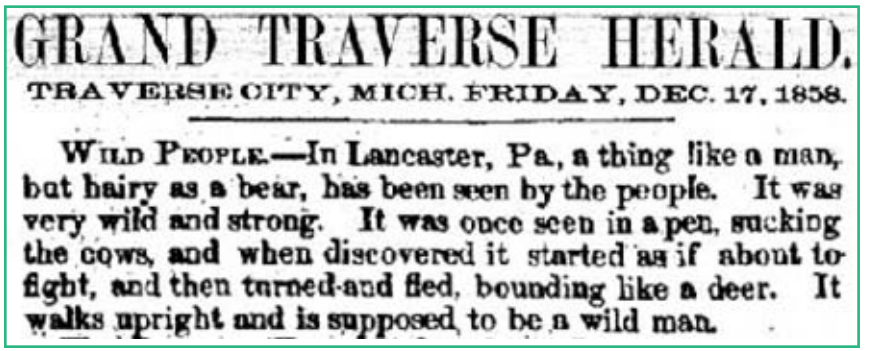
by Joe Fex

Is this the face of the beast photographed by an Oregon Miner in the early to mid-1940s?

Courtesy APE-X

In the mid-1850s, a young, prominent pioneer and newspaper correspondent, Myron Angel, migrated westward from New York to the Sierra Nevada region. There he spent years collecting and documenting what he believed to be a lost tribe of gigantic Indians, from old records, early Spanish documents, local legends, and the oral traditions of rapidly diminishing Native American tribes. He collected an archive throughout the entire region from California to Nevada and portions of the Rocky Mountains.

He served as one of the primary contributors in the first assembly of Nevada history, *History of Nevada* (Thompson & West, 1881).



GRAND TRAVERSE HERALD.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH. FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1858.

WILD PEOPLE.—In Lancaster, Pa., a thing like a man, but hairy as a bear, has been seen by the people. It was very wild and strong. It was once seen in a pen, sucking the cows, and when discovered it started as if about to fight, and then turned and fled, bounding like a deer. It walks upright and is supposed to be a wild man.

Copy from original 1858 Michigan newspaper.

Courtesy APE-X

The Sierra Mountains have a long history of Bigfoot activity that persists to this day. What became of Myron Angel and his archive is still unknown. Somewhere out there, perhaps in some dusty old collection, Angel's invaluable data may still be awaiting discovery. I discovered a reference to him and his work in an article by Princess Daria Troubetskoi in a stack of 1940s *Atlantean Research* journals.

It is highly beneficial to obtain stacks of old science and exploration journals of all kinds and carefully and systematically run through them looking for key elements like "wild men" or giant skeleton," etc. There's tons of hidden history awaiting our rediscovery, but it takes patience to find it.

Sandstone Footprints

On February 14, 1879, the *Eureka Daily Leader* reported that Capt. Joseph Walker, a well-established mountaineer, trapper, and guide, had produced a large slab of sandstone that contained a preserved human-like footprint bearing four toes and measuring 14 inches long, 6 inches wide, and an inch deep. Walker had retrieved it from a new quarry he was working on near the mouth of New York Canyon. The fact that this distinctively Sasquatch footprint was preserved in sandstone substantiates a prehistoric presence in North America. This would not be the last we would hear of the Sasquatch in Eureka, California.

In December of 1883, in New Lisbon, Ohio, two hunters would experience what would become one of the single most common BF encounter scenarios. According to the *New York Tribune*, while Bob Bradley and Henry Rauch were hunting in an area near Spruce Vale, "They heard a noise near a rugged cliff, and saw a huge hairy object, apparently half man and half beast, spring from behind the cliff, and start for the woods, running with the speed of the wind. Mistaking it for an an-

imal, one of the hunters fired at it. The shot appeared to take effect in the arm; for, with a scream of pain, the creature halted, tapped the wound, and turning, charged its pursuers, who with empty guns in hand dared not measure strength with the foe. Dropping their guns, both sought safety in flight." This typical scenario or variations thereof could just as well have taken place last week or any other period of the white man's occupation of North America.

Teddy Roosevelt's Story

Many are familiar with Theodore Roosevelt's account in *Wilderness Hunter* (1892). An elderly guide, Bauman, told how, in his younger years, he and another beaver trapper had encountered a terrifying bipedal beast in a forest considered haunted by the natives. Shots were fired at it, the men decided to leave, and while Bauman collected the traps, he left his companion alone to pack up camp. When Bauman returned, he found his counterpart dead with a broken neck and puncture marks from a bite on his throat. He also found marks on the ground that indicated the killer approached from behind and rolled on the ground with his lifeless victim as if in a frenzy of violent glee. Roosevelt even noted the nervousness and trembling of the old man at certain points of the tale. Roosevelt was well known for his stout, no-bull attitudes and was not prone to believing (or tolerating) wild or ridiculous tales. He believed this one.

The Old Man of the Crater

Founder of the historic Washington Alpine Club and among the earliest adventurers to achieve the summit of Mt. Rainier, Maj. E. S. Ingraham wrote about an encounter with a bizarre Bigfoot-like creature deep within an icy passage of the mountain during one of his climbs. Mt. Rainier, like Mt. St. Helens, has a long history of UFOs, water and mountain monsters, and phantasms of all kinds. It was also the historic birthplace of the modern UFO phenomenon when pilot Kenneth Arnold observed several UFOs while searching for a downed plane in 1947 (also the first cover story of FATE magazine).

Ingraham described a Sasquatch-type being he'd encountered while alone deep within a steam cave of the mountain. He described a trance-like state that came over him and stated, "The crown of its head was pointed with bristled hair pointing in every direction. The eyeballs were pointed too…" Was he describing slit reptilian or cat-like eyes?

"For an hour I received impressions from the Old Man of the Crater. It is a strange story I got from him. While the time was comparatively short, yet what he told me, not by voice or look, but by a subtle agency not known or understood by me, would fill a volume of many pages."

Without a doubt, Ingraham was receiving a telepathic communication.

"This is no myth. The old man told me of his abode in the interior, of another race to which he belonged and the traditions of that race; of convulsions and changes on the earth long, long ago…"

It is clear that the occasional reports of telepathic voices from Sasquatch are not without historical substantiation.

The Ape Canyon Incident

The Jerry Crew incident in Eureka, California, is generally thought of as the first public introduction to the Bigfoot mystery, but the first widespread media introduction was in 1924. Five prospectors had a run-in with a group of unruly Sasquatch that attacked their cabin after one of the men shot one. Fred Beck shot a Bigfoot that was observing them across a ravine as they descended. It presumably fell to its death into what is now known as Ape Canyon in the Mt. St. Helens area. The prospecting party, who had a proven claim, owned the land, and had worked the mine for over two years, abandoned it completely after the assault, never to return.

Although this incident has often been reported, no one included Beck's whole account of the event. Beck was frustrated at this because he felt that these were not just apes or wild men as indicated by the many researchers who wrote about it, so he wrote a 21-page book, *I Fought the Apemen of Mt. St. Helens.* This pamphlet detailed the event in its entirety, as well as his thoughts about it all. He detailed how the entire series of circumstances that placed these men there from beginning to end was surrounded with a wide range of paranormal activity, starting with the psychic contact. Beck never profited from the event, his account, or his publication. He simply wanted to insure that the full story was told.

After many years to reflect upon his experiences, which actually began in childhood, Beck expressed with utmost confidence and sincerity how he'd long been immersed in the psychic world, that he was a clairvoyant, and that it was through these means that he and his party would become familiar with the spirit beings that would manifest into the physical world and guide the men to the claim through real-time holographic-like psychic visions. He said that "A large Indian dressed in buckskin appeared to us and talked to us. He was the picture of stateliness itself." He never told the men his name but they called him "The Great Spirit" for lack of a better definition and addressed him by such a title. He responded, "The Great Spirit is above me. We are all of the Great Spirit, if we listen when the Great Spirit talks…" Another contributor to leading them to the claim was "More in the role of a comforting friend," a female Indian spirit apparition whom they would later name the claim Vander White, after her last name.

The male guide led them through the wilderness and directed their attention, as Beck recounts: "The big Indian told us there would be a white arrow go before us. Another man who was not present

Early Mountain Devil Hunters investigating 1924 Ape Canyon Incident. Left to right, back to front: Burt Hammerstrom, Bill Welch, Frank Lynch, and Spirit Lake forest ranger Jim Huffman. Fred Beck's cabin is at the left. They confirmed the event took place.

during the attack in 1924, could see the arrow easily and clearly at all times. And I could see it nearly as well."

For four days it would soar up in the sky and hover over an area until they located it again, and it would continue until they reached their destination near the north cliff of Ape Canyon. During the journey the men were plagued with an inexplicable hollow thudding, like a drumming sound following them. The sound was coming from underground.

Beck was later convinced it was the Sasquatch watching them, but at the time one of the men lost patience with the length of the journey and the strangeness of it all. The result was an outburst of verbal frustration and accusations that the large Indian had deceived them, leading them on a wild goose chase.

After finally reaching their destination, "We all saw the image of a large door open, and the big Indian appeared in front of it. He spoke: 'Because you have cursed the spirit leading you, you will be shown where there is gold, but it is not given to you.' With those words, he disappeared. Then we saw the door slowly close. There was a huge lock and latch, but as the door shut, it did not latch. And that is just the way our gold mine turned out—closed but not locked."

But there were many other elements to lend credence to Beck's statement. "I was always conscious that we were dealing with supernatural beings—They are not entirely of the world." And the supporting details are more familiar to mainstream Bigfoot research than one might presume.

At some point during their excursion they discovered tracks in a sandbar that started from nowhere and then continued into nowhere after 160 feet. There was nowhere on the sandbar that any other steps could have been taken without leaving more tracks, but there was no trace of any to be found.

"For six years all had been peaceful. We were simple men and hard working men, and an aura of good spirit or spiritual power surrounded us. We had all seen the tracks, but the makers of them had left us alone. No one was worried about the tracks as regarding any threat to our safety. But after one of us had lost his temper and denounced the spirit as a liar, from that time on, a quite apprehensiveness settled over us. We continued working our claim, but down deep we felt it would avail to no good end. We had outbursts of enthusiasm but no success. And yet we did have success, because we learned. Nothing can replace experience as a teacher."

For Bigfoot researchers at all levels of expertise and standing, it is almost unanimous that the Fred Beck Ape Canyon event did indeed occur. So why is it that none seem to have paid any attention to the wealth of supposedly unrelated paranormal elements that Beck provided? We must expand our examination of the Sasquatch to encompass all possibilities. The phenomenon is of unknown origin and nature, so we must not be too quick to identify anything when we have such limited firsthand knowledge. We cannot force it into known science with no other considerations.

Newspaper Reports

The now infamous Ape Canyon incident of 1924 sparked reactions from newspapers across the United States that received the news over the then-new wire. Wire transmission was an important factor in the public's knowledge of paranormal events (and news in general) because people could see that the same types of beings and experiences were not isolated to their respective locale. Newspapers mostly carried the general run-of-the-mill story of the assault on the cabin with oc-

casional slight variations and the usual uninformed, unprofessional, and often moronic commentary that is still prevalent within the news media today. However, some newsrooms were fascinated by the confirmation of these strange ape men by the authorities involved and took it one step further. They considered listening to local, native sources.

On August 3, 1924, Marion K. Gould of the *Houston Dispatch* published an extensive article inspired by the Ape Canyon event. She revealed the results of her inquiries with the Challam tribe, a Salish division on the coast. She had spoken to George Totsgi, who gave her many leads to other tribes that could corroborate the tradition of these mysterious giants. Thus she gained further insight from other Salish tribes of the region. Gould wrote:

"Among the Sanpoil people, who are another part of the Salish division, there are several tales told of the hairy men. So much detail is included that there must be a foundation for the legends and the recent report links with the ancient in a surprising manner."

Most of the article is presented in the context of native lore and fable intended to carry historical tradition as well as important social lessons for tribal youths. The Native Americans believed that the hairy giant legends were real. Although most of the Salish tribes believed them to be extinct or that they had migrated to Texas, they still feared and dreaded their presence.

\A Sasquatch by Any Other Name

As you read the following portion of the Salish legend as it originally appeared in Gould's article, the nature of the hairy giants and native perceptions thereof are most important. These fables parallel traditional lore of many African tribes regarding ogre legends.

> The Indian legend: Karnecher, the granddaughter of the official storyteller of the Sanpoil tribe, not only has told some of the stories in which the Ch-wah-ni-tum (as the Sanpoil call the hairy-ape-men), but she has drawn their likeness from descriptions given her by aged members who have imprinted it clearly upon her mind. Her talent is purely primitive and its result is unusual. One tale she tells is of the time when these creatures roamed the forest and the Indian children were cautioned in regard to them. Here is the tale as it was told to the writer.
>
> "Long ago in the forest lived a grandmother and her two little grandchildren. One day when they went out to play, the grandmother said, 'Do not go far from the tipi because the Chi-wah-ni-tum has been seen near here and he will catch you and eat you. Stay within sight of the tipi door and I will protect you.'
>
> "They played hide-and-seek among the trees and forgot that they must not shout so loud with laughter. Suddenly they heard a sound and looked around. A great hairy man was coming toward them. The little boy, Quat-cha-wea, was almost paralyzed with fright, but his sister, who was older, slipped behind a tree. When the Chi-wah-ni-tum was almost ready to grab him he turned and ran for his life. The hairy man ran after him. Quat-cha-wea stumbled over a log and fell, and as he did so, the long arm with its cruel hand and sharp nails, reached for him. He scrambled up as fast as he could, but the nails raked three long scratches down his back and when the scars healed they left three dark marks that made him known as 'Chipmunk' to this day. He darted in and out among the trees until he could run straight into the tipi door. 'Hide me! Hide me!' he cried to his grandmother. 'The hairy man is coming after me.'
>
> The Hairy Man Draws Near: "The old woman looked around. Quat-cha-wea had popped into a basket that was nearby. His back hurt so that he was not able to keep still and the basket wobbled all over the floor. That would never do. The hairy man would have him at once when he arrived. So the grandmother took him out and put him into a bag and drew the strings. He whimpered and trembled so she knew it would be seen immediately, so she took him out and put him into a clam shell—one of the large shells found in the Columbia river. He crept into it and became so much smaller in size that she tucked him into the front of her buckskin dress. 'Be still,' she said softly.
>
> "The hairy ape-man was not long behind. He pulled open the flap of the tipi and strode in. 'Where's the boy?' he demanded. Grandmother was not afraid of him because she had power over many things. She shook her head without a word. The hairy man looked in the basket. He looked in the bag and nothing was there. He went outside and met the sister of the little boy.
>
> "'Go and find where your brother is and I will give you these,' he said holding up a string of seed beads he had strung. She looked at the beads and admired them. She went into the tipi and asked where her brother was. Her grandmother patted the front of her dress. 'He is here in my bosom,' she said.
>
> "The girl went outside. 'Look in the bosom of grand-mamma,' she told the ape-man and immediately she was changed into a meadowlark and flew up on top of the tipi. 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry,' were the words she tried to say but the song sounded as if it was, 'Wah-weech-qua-ia,' over and over and that is why the Indians call the meadowlark wah-weech-qua-la to this day. Going back into the tipi the hairy man jerked oped the buckskin dress

and took poor little chipmunk in his hand. As he did so, he saw the smooth soft skin of the old woman and he asked: 'What makes your skin so smooth? It is not like mine.'

Grandma's Revenge: "Grandmother thought for a moment. 'I will show you,' she said. She took a piece of pine pitch and held it in the fire, the hot pitch dropped in great drops and she let one fall on the arm of the hairy man. Then she pulled the blister off and the smooth place that showed underneath pleased him although he winced with the pain. 'Could I be like that all over?' he inquired.

" 'Yes, if you let me put the hot pitch on,' said the old wily woman. 'I could dip you all at once and you would never feel it.' 'All right,' said the hairy man, and he went with her to gather the pitch from the trees. They gathered wood and a great fire was made and the pitch was put into a stone pot. When the pitch was bubbling, the old woman and the ape-man and little chipmunk danced around and around the hole where the fire was with the pot upon it. As they were circling nearer and nearer and the ape-man followed them, the old woman gave him a push and he went head first into the pitch-pot. So he never felt anything again, and the little boy played in the forest in safety."

Here we have a wonderful example of traditional native storytelling that, like most legends, might be based in a real event but has been molded into a fable to teach the new generations of the tribe important lessons vital for survival in the wilderness. Demonstrating that one should not wander, lest the hairy giants catch you and eat you; one should exhibit reverence and not announce your presence in the wilderness, lest you attract predatory attentions; listen to your elders, lest you stray your path; one should not betray confidence or trust, lest it backfire to your disadvantage; one should remember the origins of things (such as the meadowlark story) as they preserve culture and information as well as teaching that one should utilize cunning and ingenuity to resolve one's problems in life. There are literally hundreds of names among the various tribes of North America that describe our mysterious woodland friends. I prefer Sasquatch. It's more dignified, but just most call them Bigfoot.

The Lettuce Crate Label

Coinciding with widespread media and newspaper reports and public availability, by the 1930s stories of the wild men and throw-back cavemen became more frequent. Locations, descriptions, and behavioral aspects from the Native American accounts of the phenomenon were detailed. In Alaska and British Columbia, such accounts became downright common.

In early 2002, I was approached by Dwayne Rogers, who is in the business of ephemera (collectible paper of antiquity). He asked me if there were any old Bigfoot reports that I knew of in Salinas, California. I casually responded that "California has had a long history of activity and it wouldn't be surprising at all, as Salinas has been a large vegetable growing community for nearly a century, thus supplying a good amount of food for an obviously healthy Sasquatch population to steal away with in the night without being detected."

In reply, he showed me an unused lettuce crate label and asked, "Do you think this could be a Bigfoot?"

I was floored by what I saw. The deco-style art on the label clearly depicted a large, muscular man with big feet, stealing a crate of lettuce from a growing field in the night—*and* he was covered with hair.

I purchased seven original, unused labels, one for archival preservation and the rest for Bigfoot research colleagues and correspondence contacts.

Though the media circus that would forever label these beings with the idiotic title of Bigfoot would not occur until 1958, it was clear that a growing company's representatives in Salinas were already well familiar with our big and hairy co-inhabitants in the 1930s.

1940s

I obtained a photograph of a purported Sasquatch. It was originally discovered by Ryan Emerson of the Museum of the Unexplained in the early 1990s. He obtained it from his lawyer, who took the four-by-four-inch photo (originally shot from about 50-60 yards away) from its frame and allowed Emerson to photograph a close-up image (see photo at beginning of article).

The lawyer told Emerson that he obtained it from the nephew of an old Oregon miner who'd had a claim. The miner had land there and complained that a few Bigfoot had been raiding his orchard. The lawyer handling the family's affairs kept the original while the miner's nephew kept the negative. Outside of his wife and the nephew who retrieved the photo and negative from the trash, the miner's descendants did not take his stories of hairy giants seriously.

After a closer examination of the photo, my colleagues and I found many earmarks of authenticity. All of the morphology of the subject in question seems to be accurate. A second generation close-up of this nature is difficult study adequately, but a light-blast test revealed that the surface hair was devoid of any of the usual hoax elements that might suggest fur or artificial hair. The texture was what I'd expect from a Sasquatch living in the wilderness under less than sanitary conditions. Also, there were no indications of seams. After the enhancement, a slight hint was revealed of the right eye turned up. A light-blast test doesn't change the photo at all as computer enhancement

often does.

Unfortunately, a definitive conclusion cannot be made without a study of the original photo and or negative, which we are still trying to track down. All things considered, it does appear to be authentic, as well as from the 1940s at minimum to early/mid-1950s at the latest.

Oregon has certainly had its fair share of miners, mountain devils, and Sasquatch, so this may be our earliest photographic record of a Bigfoot.

Newspapers have consistently documented accounts of Sasquatch-like beings, formerly known as bad Indians, Wild Men, or Mountain Devils. Old newspaper archives over the world are littered with these accounts. Also plentiful are accounts in the early explorer's journals, stories of the Native Americans, and the flood of modern reports.

After an examination of literally thousands of such descriptions and accounts, one can only conclude that there must be something to it. The next phase of rational examination is to determine the nature of the beast so to speak, and progress to exactly what it is that we are experiencing.

This leads us in two directions of thought: that it is merely a biological entity of primate or early-man origin, or viable concept at all.

The best research from the most disciplined minds will always be from those who present all sides of a phenomenon without restriction and examine all possibilities. We must promote a closer, more honest discipline in the face of the incomprehensible. We must look into the piercing eyes of what we fear most, into the dark unknown, with the undying hope that one day we can evolve into a more enlightened state of existence for ourselves and the universe around us enough to see the light of day through the darkness, into a new dawn from our troubled world of fear and ignorance. Into the dawn of the Sasquatch. Ω

Joe Fex *is the founder and curator of APE-X Research and has had many years exploring the unknown and a lifetime of paranormal experience. He maintains a massive archive of data and artifacts for public and scientific reference or study in Aurora, Colorado. He can be reached at* joefex@att.net *for commentary or research consultation.*

Minneapolis, Minnesota, is north of
Halifax, Nova Scotia, but south of Paris, France.

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Fifty years ago

FATE
November 1959
Vol. 12, No. 11

Legend of the Black Christ

Disaster, it is said, struck the Spaniards when they tried to carry away the Indian's statue of the Savior.

by Rayn Shawk

MANY INDIAN SLAVES died during the early days of the conquistadors. At least one died with a curse on his lips.

In a forgotten village in Peru a talented young man had finished carving a life size image of his new Savior. A Savior who would help his people as He had helped others; a Savior who promised deliverance. The young Indian, carving in secrecy for over a year, had shaped an ebony log into the image of Christ. As he carved he dreamed of the day when he could present the statue to the village priest, a statue that would bring deliverance from the cruel task masters with their gold lust. The god of the white men, now the god of the Indians also, was powerful. His son, the Savior, was powerful, too. Surely He would take notice of the honor the people accorded His image and come to their aid.

The wood-carver polished the great figure for the last time. He was about to have it carried to the priest when the Spanish captain, the governor of the village, came upon him and his work. The tall Spaniard looked with surprise at the black figure. This would make an excellent gift for the church in Castille, perhaps even Madrid! A ship was being loaded at the very moment, to sail with the next tide. Gold, slaves, fine woods, many rare and valuable things from the New World were going on the long trip to Spain. This statue would round out the long list of wonderful gifts.

The captain, without a word to the young artist, ordered the statue carried to the ship and stowed in the hold. The Indian leaped before the startled captain. No! The statue would remain here in the village church! The statue would be the Savior of the Indians!

Robed statue of Black Christ stands in old church in Porto Bello, Panama.

Never had one of these savages dared speak up to a soldier of Spain. The captain was outraged, insulted. In one motion he drew his blade and ran it through the proud young body. The Indian collapsed at the feet of his Christ.

According to legend, as the young slave fell the statue suddenly changed. It changed from a gentle, beatific Christ to a strange, bent, bloody and belabored Christ, a Christ who had seen the horrors of man; a Christ on his way to Golgotha. The eyes, once gentle and filled with love were now filled with horror. The onyx pupils, encircled with mother of pearl, now stare out at a world of

cruelty and fear.

As the Indian lay dying he turned his eyes to the captain, and in his own tongue, he called to his old gods. They must never allow his new Savior to leave his people, never let his Christ serve the Spanish masters.

The body of the carver was dragged away and the statue carried to the hold of the ship. Within hours it was under way to Panama City. There the ship would be unloaded, the cargo carried across the isthmus on the newly built highway, the Camiino Real, to Porto Bello. There it would be loaded onto another ship and sail to Spain.

All went well for the expedition until time to set sail for Spain. The ship had been refitted for the voyage after being battered almost to pieces in a savage Caribbean hurricane. It had a new, untried crew; most of the men were soldiers going home to Spain, pressed into service as sailors.

Perhaps the untrained crew was responsible, perhaps the workmanship during the refitting had been poor, perhaps it was the Indian wood-carver's curse, at any rate, just as the ship was about to clear the harbor a sudden wind spun the vessel around, tore the big sail loose and snapped the main mast. The heavy timber and canvas thundered to the deck, bringing down with it the men who had been working in the rigging.

The ship was towed back to the dock. Work began at once to replace the mast. In a matter of days the ship was again ready for the long voyage. Again disaster struck! A seam opened in the hull of the vessel; the hold filled with water, and the ship settled in 20 feet of water.

For three weeks, master and slave labored side by side to clear the harbor. Finally the ship was once again secured to the stone dock. The hold was emptied, cargo washed and dried in the sun, the entire ship gone over, scrubbed, cleaned, recaulked. Once more the gifts for Spain were loaded. Once more the ship was ready. Then came more trouble!

A strange sickness affected only the white skinned Spaniards. The Indians were untouched, the conquistadors went down like flies. It was not a killing disease but men were driven nearly to suicide to escape the agony that wracked their bodies.

Both the governor and the ship's captain were anxious to get the ship under way to Spain. It had been delayed too long already. As a last resort it was decided to gather as many able crew men as possible and supplement the ranks with Indian slaves. When a complete crew was assembled the Indians out-numbered the sailors more than three to one.

The captain was worried. These Indians had been at sea on short trips, of course, but no one ever had dared an ocean crossing with a crew like the one now assembled.

Nevertheless, the captain ordered the ship cast off. The Indians were frightened

Huge crowd fills Church of the Black Christ during annual festival on October 23 when first procession of Indians with the statue is re-enacted.

of the long voyage. They hung in the rigging and chanted, prayed and wept. Slowly the ungainly vessel crossed the half mile of calm water to the mouth of the harbor. Then suddenly the sky darkened, a vicious wind arose, rain fell in sheets. The Indians, perhaps in superstitious panic, leaped over the side, leaving the handful of Spanish sailors to handle the heaving vessel.

In less than 10 minutes the sudden storm was over. The ship rested once again on the harbor bottom.

Four weeks later the captain saw the Black Christ emerge from the hold of his ship. He had thought many times during the last month of the story of the curse told by the porters who brought the cargo over the isthmus; the curse that said never should the statue leave the Indian people. The captain made up his mind. Leaping from the quarter deck he ran to the gang plank.

"That cursed thing stays!" he shouted, pointing at the statue.

Silence fell over the water front. Sacrilege! He suddenly realized what he had said; what he had done. It was too late to take back his words… he stood firm. Eternal damnation or not, that statue would not board his ship again.

The governor sent for him. He spoke to the priests. The officers of the garrison tried to reason with him. Word had been sent ahead that the statue was coming. If

it was deemed worthy it might go to Rome. He had to take it along or face possible execution.

He stood firm…execution, damnation, nothing could change his mind. On October 23 of a long forgotten year the unknown captain once again set sail. Hundreds watched along the waterfront. The Black Christ stood where it had been unloaded. The ship sailed out of the harbor and out of sight. Silence held for perhaps half an hour. Then one of the Indian slaves let out a shout. He and several of his fellows laid hold of the statue and, chanting, they lifted the heavy figure to their shoulders and began a procession through the town. They had gotten a Savior, from now on their burden would be a little lighter. The Savior of a little village in a remote section of Peru now had become the Black Christ of Porto Bello.

At one time the pirate Morgan nearly destroyed the city of Porto Bello. Every building save the harbor fortress and the church of the Black Christ was leveled. The records that told in detail the story of the coming of the statue were destroyed, leaving only the legend. During the intervening 450 years some things have been forgotten. What was the name of the captain who first found the statue and murdered the young slave? What was the name of the unlucky ship that tried to carry the image to Spain? Who was her captain?

But the important fact is that the statue is still in Porto Bello; it is still the Savior of the descendents of the Indian slaves who first carried the Black Christ through the streets on their shoulders.

This first procession is re-enacted every year.

Through the long years and many processions the statue has acquired a cross to carry and a crown of thorns to wear on its bloody brow. Now a secondary figure holds the lower end of the cross. Some say this figure represents the brave captain who ordered the statue off his ship. He is depicted as helping the Black Christ carry the burdens of the Indians of Porto Bello.

Both figures now are clothed in rich purple robes. They stand on a heavy mahogany platform. Lighted candles surround them.

At festival time, every October 23, the statue's robes are hung with medals containing prayers and wishes to be granted. It is surrounded with flowers and clouds of incense. The church is filled with chanting. And the whole affair; Christ, cross, flowers, and candles, finally is lifted to the shoulders of about 60 strong men and carried from the church to be paraded through the town. The paraders walk with a hopping three-forward-and two-backward step, accompanied by pipes and tomtoms.

Promptly at 8: 00 o'clock the procession leaves the church. Promptly at 8:00 o'clock the rain ceases. The rain that falls almost continuously at this time of year in Porto Bello, either in a fine mist or in torrents, ceases abruptly as the statue emerges from the church door. Never in the more than 450 year history of the festival has rain touched the Black Christ.

In front of the church hundreds of people stand, tourists, service men from near-by bases in the Canal Zone, Indians, and here and there a robed figure. The robed ones are penitents who have asked that a prayer or wish be granted. Throughout the year prayers and wishes are written on a piece of paper, affixed to a medal and hung on the robes of the "Black Christ." If the prayer is answered or the wish granted the beseecher does a promise penance. Such penance often takes the form of bare feet and purple robes until the next festival. However, more severe penances are in order if the prayer or wish is especially important.

One young boy whose mother lay on her deathbed and was believed cured as the result of a prayer to the Black Christ wore a crown of real thorns and carried a heavy wooden cross for the two months remaining until the next festival.

An old fruit vendor tells the story of a man whose son was lost in the jungle. He prayed to the Black Christ for his son's return. When the boy walked out of the jungle several days later, well and unharmed, the old man had his hands nailed to the arms of a cross and carried it thus for several weeks.

The people may seem fanatics in their worship of their Savior but perhaps they are justified. Discounting all the tales of miraculous cures and impossible wishes granted, one has still to consider the phenomenon of the rain, the constant, chill rain that falls on Porto Bello in October.

As you stand before that old, old church in the candlelit darkness, waiting, shivering, time seems to fall away. When the church door opens the almost pagan sound of the pipes and drums filters out into the night. Then the procession appears. The statue, lurching back and forth high in the air, leaves the shelter of the church…and instantly the rain stops. The stars break through the scattering clouds as if to watch and the yellow tropical moon shines down on the blood-stained face of the Black Christ of Porto Bello. Ω

Editor's Update: The festival of the Black Christ is still being celebrated in Porto Bello. Most sources place the celebration on October 21 rather than 23, and stories of the origin of the statue vary. The usual version is that it was carved in Spain but found washed ashore in Panama after a shipwreck. As an addition to the legend, it is said that the statue cannot be restored to the church before midnight; it becomes too heavy to move if anyone attempts to do so. It is also said to have saved the city from a cholera epidemic many years ago.

The story about the rain stopping is not necessarily true at all times, though. *www.youtube.com/watch?v=w6r92m2IRno*

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Playing Cards–
Mystic Symbols of Ancient Egypt

You hold a handful of history with each hand of cards—symbols of magic from the Valley of the Nile.

by Leigh Wakefield

FATE
December 1959
Vol. 12, No. 12

THE WORLD'S strangest story is not told in words. Nor is it written down or printed in any alphabet known to mankind. It is told by means of those vivid pictures we call symbols.

It is so simple yet so fantastic to realize that its "pages" are handled by millions of men, women and children at every moment of the day, somewhere in our civilized world. They may not realize it, but the slips of pasteboard that shuffle through their uncurious fingers are leaves from a history book. They tell a living, vital tale as old as Ancient Egypt yet fresh as today's sunrise.

It is the story of a pack of cards!

The world's known history has been compiled slowly, haltingly, by learned men, scholars, piecing together painfully the few poor fragments that have come down to us through time. Only the Ancient Egyptians, consummate masters of arts and sciences, have managed to project into *their* future, *our* present, a clear, lucid picture of the natural phenomena which was Egypt. It was the "land of Khem" or the "black earth," as the word really means from the alluvial mud or soil left by the annual rise and fall of the Nile. (The word "Khem" comes down to us today in *chemist*, from alchemist, the scientists of the Middle Ages, practitioners of Egypt's so-called "dark," mysterious rites.)

To begin with, our word "card" is derived from the Greek word for "papyrus leaf," taken in turn from their predecessors, the Egyptians.

Papyrus was the paper of the ancient world. The pack of cards (not the Tarot which is a different thing altogether)—the everyday, familiar pack that we know of with 52 cards and a Joker, is nothing more than a perpetual calendar, a Table of Days!

It is not written down, true, but it is nevertheless there in black-and-red for all the world to see. I say "black-and-red" advisedly, for there is a reason for the black-and-red, too. It stems from the colors of Upper and Lower Egypt—for everything in the older Egypt was twin, a correlation of those double kingdoms which were really one, ruled over by the same Pharaoh. Chessmen, draughts, the very *rouge et noir*

of the gambling casinos, all pay their unconscious tribute to the genius of a land and people long since dust.

Black and red are the colors of death and life, of night and day, of *Set*, lord of the underworld and darkness, and *Ra*, lord of the day and light. The colors of "above the horizon" and "below the horizon," of summer and winter, with the in-between times, the half-shades of autumn and spring are also symbolized.

If the pack is properly arranged, in the order in which its story can be "read," the first card should be the Ace of Spades—not from the Spanish word for "Swords" but from the word for "Dim" or "Darkness" which the Moors introduced into Spain from across the narrow, dividing sea.

It is a large, sinister-looking symbol, a black stain spreading thickly over the white, with a small stalk. This "stalk" is the Nile and the card represents the beginning of life for Egypt—the spreading of the Nile mud over the land. It is so large, so important, because it was just that. Without the curious fact of the Nile's rise and subsequent fall, after depositing rich, black earth over the land, there would be no Egypt.

So, the land lies in darkness, and Spades have come to mean, over time, dimness, sorrow, all the dark, sterile things in nature, the time of waiting.

The next suit is Clubs. These represent the "burgeoning" or seed time. If you take an ordinary Spade "pip" and imagine it as "budding out," then you have the Clubs. They have a further meaning. If you visualize the Nile's water as sinking, retreating from the Delta, then the Clubs are the Spade shape, shrinking and contracting. The Clubs represent Spring, as the Spades represent Winter, or the lying fallow time—the darkness in the womb of the Earth. Both these cards are dark because they are representative of that which lies "below the Horizon."

Next come the glorious color of the red suits, which really should be *gold*. The Ace of Hearts is the heart of summer, the ear of corn, illumined by the sun, warm, happy, the time for rejoicing and giving praise to *Ra*, the sun-god.

Then come the Diamonds or autumn, representing the riches of the harvest and from that, transferred to mean money, treasure, middle-age. Then back to Spades or winter again, and the cycle recommences.

This is the overall story of the cards, representing the four seasons of Ancient Egypt. Now let us consider the apparently subtle but really simple meaning of random pieces of cardboard still linked with natural phenomena.

The 52 cards each represent a week in the *solar* year. There are 13 cards in each suit. This is for the *lunar* year of 13 moons. Now count the value of each of the pips in every suit—counting Ace as one, Knave, Queen and King as 11, 12, 13. *They add up to 364, the number of days in the year, less one.* This is the reason for the "Joker" in each pack. It represents the odd day, also the extra day given to February "once in four."

(The very word for *year* comes from the Egyptian, via Greek, in "Horus," the "lord of the Seasons," also *Time*).

One of the most curious features of the pack is the manner in which the so-called "Court cards," the Knave, Queen and King of any suit, are displayed.

"As above, so below" might well be the motto of these picture cards. They represent utter equality, the perfect equilibrium between the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt. No matter which way the cards are spun, twisted or turned in the hands, they always present the same profile when not in motion. The reason again, as in the colors red and black, lies in the absolute duality of the Twin Kingdoms.

Moreover, the strange form of these pictured "Royalties" has another, deeper purpose. The Ancient Egyptians, as the wall paintings and sculptures in tomb and temple show, had almost an obsession in the rigid principle of the "Act of Submission" or "making a footstool of one's enemy." The placing of the heel of the victor upon the head of the vanquished is a familiar motif running through all representations of life in those days.

No King, Queen or Knave places a foot upon the neck of his or her counterpart of Upper or Lower Egypt, as the case may be, as a result of this idea; they are shown represented on the cards only as half-figures.

From the ancient land of Egypt with its never-ending cycles of flood, rich alluvial deposits and burgeoning fields it is still a long way to Europe and our modern playing cards, and admittedly some of the route is not quite clear.

Part of the story has been lost because of the burning of the great library at Alexandria which destroyed so many priceless documents.

It is quite possible that different versions of the Egyptian cards entered the Western World by several routes but it is certain that one such route was across the Mediterranean into Spain and Portugal by the conquering Moors from North Africa. After the burning of the library at Alexandria the Arabs had become almost the sole custodians of the knowledge of mathematics and science of that day.

The Spanish word for cards is "Naipes," derived from the word "Naib" which is unknown in any continental language. It is believed, however, to be of Se-

mitic origin and denotes "which conveys the idea of Sorcery."

One of the problems obscuring the history of the development of playing cards is that the Christian Church attempted to stamp them out during the Middle Ages in its general drive against paganism. The drive was particularly fierce against cards which were known as "The Devil's Picture-Book."

Further evidence for their Egyptian origin is contained in the word for the game "Faro," or "Pharaoh" from the head of the Egyptian king which appeared on the very earliest cards used in France during the early Middle Ages. Faro was played on a board painted green with the depiction of Spades, symbolizing the inundation of the Nile, superimposed on the board.

The early cards in Europe used acorns in place of clubs, and there is evidence that the Druids, early Magi of Europe, chose the acorn as the symbol of unfolded life. The Druidic acorn symbol was really the Egyptian lotus, however.

There is a likelihood that the early Egyptian cards were originally circular and that the beveled edges of today's cards are a relic of this, as the form gradually became rectangular. The museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of London contains a pack of cards of Hindustani origin believed to be well over 1,000 years old. They are of canvas stiffened with varnish and are circular, two and one-half inches in diameter.

Unquestionably the Egyptian card symbols spread throughout the ancient world, and one ancient Egyptian epic says that "Rameses descended into the Underworld and played at the *disc game*, with the goddess, beating her…" It is supposed that circular cards are meant.

Since these ancient times, of course, the form and the trappings of the "disc game" have changed. But perhaps your next bridge game will take on a slightly different meaning when you understand that you are playing with the symbols held sacred by the Egyptians of old. You have at your fingertips their four seasons, the 13 months and the 365 days of the year. Deal them reverently… Ω

The Escapades of Old Parr

In Scoland's bygone days a fellow was only as old as he felt. Thomas Parr spent his 105th birthday in court charged with the seduction of a barmaid named Katherine Milton. The old man was found guilty and sentenced to do penance in the local parish church dressed in a white sheet. When Parr finally died in 1635 at the age of 152, his bones were laid beside the royal remains of William the Conqueror in Westminster Abbey. Now there's a brand of Scotch named after him…if you can find it anywhere.—*James Hines*

Tarot of the Gypsies

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by Raymond Buckland
art by Lissanne Lake

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Book Reviews

Jerome Clark

Books reviewed in this column **are not sold by FATE.** To purchase these books, please try your local bookstore, contact the publisher, or try an online bookstore such as *amazon.com* or *barnesandnoble.com.*

In 1953, sitting in the darkness of a small-town Minnesota theater as we awaited the main feature, my parents and I watched a trailer for a lurid movie titled *Invaders from Mars.* I was six years old at the time. Thereafter, I suffered nightmares so vivid that I can remember some of them even now. As an entirely understandable consequence, my parents forbade me from seeing anything like it again. Though their logic was impeccable, mine was…well, a kid's. As soon as I'd recovered from the trauma, I was fervently pleading with them to let me see more.

It took them awhile to relent, but it was with pure joy that I sat down—in that same theater—to my first full-length monster movie: *The Giant Claw,* released in 1957 on a double bill with *The Night the World Exploded.* I recall nothing whatever of the latter, but my brain can still call up scenes of that enormous, wretchedly behaved bird as it terrorized America until finally the hero figured out a way to stop it. In short order, I subscribed to Forrest J. Ackerman's *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and devoured every issue as ravenously as a creature its victim.

My best friend's father ran the theater. My friend, also caught up in monster fever, and I lobbied him to book every creature or science-fiction film that came along. He was not keen to follow our advice, holding to the view that the only worthwhile movies were, as he called them, "Disney pictures." Still, though relatively few got shown, I missed no creature feature.

The youthful experience of Bill Warren, who grew up in small-town Oregon and is three years older than I am, turns out to be remarkably like my own. He even had a reluctant theater owner in his young life. The difference between us is that he never outgrew his adoration of the decade's monster and SF cinema. More than that, he grew up to become a world-class authority on the genre. In his doorstopper of a reference work, *Keep Watching the Skies! American Science Fiction Movies of the Fifties* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Company, 1004 pages), he considers, alphabetically and often at length, all SF movies—most of which were actually horror stories with vaguely scientific trappings—released in America between 1950 and 1962. In short, all the way from *Abbott and Costello Go to Mars* (1953) to *X the Unknown* (1957).

One entry of particular interest opens, "For a film as awful as *The Giant Claw*, it has certainly given a great deal of pleasure to many viewers." Yes, indeed. His book, which is not awful in the slightest, will give readers a great deal of pleasure, too, not to mention a staggering amount of information on plots, directors, actors, script writers, special-effects people, commercial/cultural contexts, and more. The book is so dense that it's downright intimidating to attempt a review.

As a pleased reader, however, I can attest that it's far too heavy to be read when held in your hands or even when placed on your lap. It's not only the number of pages that occasions the physical heft; it's the high-quality, glossy paper on which those pages are printed. That paper also allows for vivid reproductions of the gaudy, pulpish posters (with scary monsters menacing scantily clad young women) that promoted the movies. In truth, the posters were often more interesting than the products they were trying to sell.

Warren himself, happily, is always interesting. *Keep Watching* is scholarly enough even for the most demanding cinema obsessive, but it's also accessible to the rest of us. It's lively, good-humored, and unabashedly personal. You can open it just about anywhere and emerge, dazed and disoriented, hours later. I have already lost many hours of my life to it, and I don't imagine for a moment that I'm finished.

He doesn't pretend that many of these flicks were really good in any conventional sense. As I read it, I wrote down these assessments at random: "worst non-porno SF film ever made"; "dismayingly bad"; "dry, ponderous and unoriginal"; "dismal, wrongheaded and boring"; "leaden, silly and illogical." There's also the simple, pungent "It stinks." On the other hand, a few gems get their due, for example: *Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957); *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956); *It Came from Outer Space* (1953); *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (1954; yes, a Disney picture).

Warren never can explain why a film genre so overwhelmingly dreadful can sustain decades' worth of undiminished adoration. It just, he concludes, does, and really, what more is there to say?

My only complaint: In common with everybody else who has written about *The Blob* (1958), he doesn't know that the monster is based on centuries of (still-dis-

puted) reports of "star jelly," also known as *pwdre sêr*. Charles Fort, who discussed the phenomenon, cited several intriguing cases, culled from 19th-century scientific literature. I'll wager that somebody involved in the creation of the movie was a Fortean.

Other Books Noted

FATE *staff*

Coral Castle
The Mystery of Ed Leedskalnin and His American Stonehege

by Rusty McClure and Jack Heffron

Ternary Publishing (Dublin, OH), 2009, hardcover, 192 pgs.

In 1912, Edward Leedskalnin left his native Latvia for the United States. After drifting for a bit in Canada and the Pacific Northwest, he wound up in Florida City, Florida, in 1923.

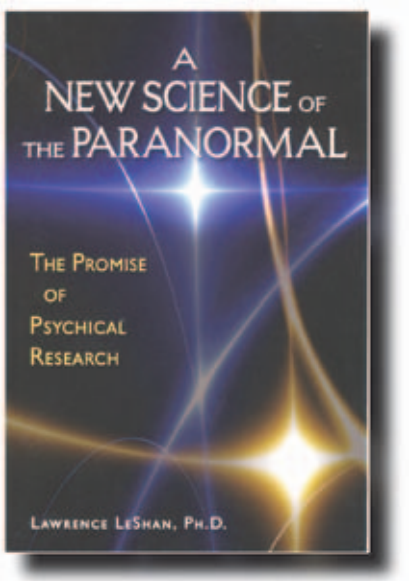
There he began to quarry the local coral rock, shape, sculpt, and move it until he had erected a castle called Rock Gate Park, which later became known as the Coral Castle.

The various hunks of coral that make up Leedkalnin's creation weigh as much as 30 tons. And he did it all entirely by himself with the aid of homemade cranes and levers: an impossible feat, but there it is, still standing today despite hurricanes and the passage of time—after Ed moved the whole shebang to Homestead, Florida, again single-handedly except for driving the truck.

It is said that Ed built this fairyland masterpiece for his "Sweet Sixteen," a girl who had jilted him back in Latvia. Perhaps it was built in her honor; perhaps he hoped she would hear of it and come flying to his side and they would live there happily ever after.

But of course she never came.

McClure's and Heffron's book provides a detailed and readable account of the life and creation of Ed Leedskalnin along with a thorough examination of how a five-foot, 90-pound man who had recovered from TB could have manhandled huge rocks weighing several tons. He claimed to know the secret of the pyramids. Perhaps he did.



A New Science of the Paranormal
The Promise of Psychical Research

by Lawrence LeShan, Ph.D.

Theosophical Pubishing House (Wheaton. IL). 2009, softcover, 142 pgs.

Lawrence LeShan explores the true benefits of psychical research, with case studies considered in each chapter to maintain tangible poise. LeShan laments that the true benefits of psychical phenomenon have been largely misunderstood or overlooked in the past century, and hopes that his book will shed some light on this elusive field of study.

"The scientific study of paranormal phenomenon—ESP, poltergeists, hauntings, deathbed apparitions—is in complete disarray," writes LeShan, "[yet] there is a tremendous hope and great promise in psychical research—the study of the paranormal."

This potential, it is implied, has been inadvertently tossed to the wayside. But not for good, LeShan expresses, as the true gifts of this cornucopia are near at hand.

The key to opening the mystery box of psychical phenomenon is simple, LeShan observes, as in the past, psychical researchers have limited themselves to studying statistical analysis of people guessing cards or influencing electronic random-number generators as opposed to focusing on "large, well-attested psychic events" (examples of which are scattered through the book).

While the former approach has shown that ESP does indeed exist, it has failed to garner acceptance by the mainstream scientific community and such events are hard to duplicate or create in controlled settings. Keeping the latter approach in mind—of focusing on big events—LeShan ushers in the possibility of real, tangible science, dedicated to examining the large and exciting events that interested most researchers in the first place.

If we are to stop killing each other and our planet, says LeShan, we need to gain a more holistic understanding of what it is to be human while discovering our place in the universe. Psychic research, with its unique and fresh gaze, offers a different vantage point from which to observe and unravel the mysteries of the

world. It is precisely from this vantage point that a new and exciting frontier is opening up—the frontier of the mind.

The current paradigm, centered on materialism, doesn't fit with starker realities and truths. Taking an inventory of scientific, philosophical, psychological, and spiritual conjecture through the ages—and examining how ideas came and went, ebbed and flowed, and moved aside for better theories—LeShan lays down the basis for his argument: We have learned that different limiting principals and laws apply to different portions of reality. That is to say, what is true for the consciousness of a human is not true for the principles that dictate water tension and elasticity; what is true in space isn't always true on Earth (i.e. gravity versus no gravity) and so on.

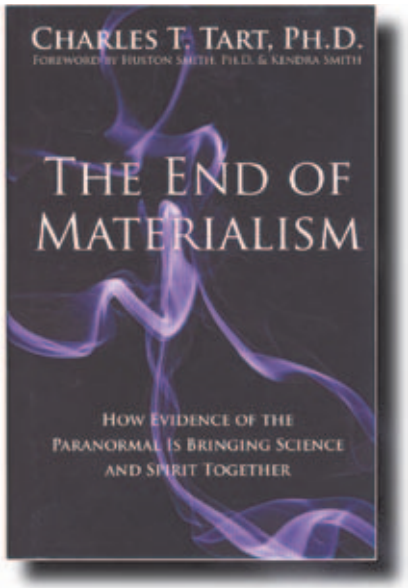
What LeShan's book has essentially done is taken what appeared to be a circle and turned it into a sphere—taking one-dimensional aspects of what is considered to be truth and applying three-dimensions of analyses and insight.

The End of Materialism
How Evidence of the Paranormal is Bringing Science and Spirit Together

by Charles T. Tart, Ph.D.

Noetic Books, New Harbinger Publications (Oakland, CA), 2009, hardcover, 412 pgs.

In *The End of Materialism*, Charles T. Tart dismantles notions of senseless material randomness and undiscriminating


CHARLES T. TART, PH.D.
FOREWORD BY HUSTON SMITH, PH.D. & KENDRA SMITH
THE END OF MATERIALISM
HOW EVIDENCE OF THE PARANORMAL IS BRINGING SCIENCE AND SPIRIT TOGETHER

biological and chemical law as universal blueprint and opens a doorway to a wider, more meaningful spiritual connectedness and existence.

"Tart wants to reinstate the dignity and freedom of the human mind," writes Houston and Kendra Smith in the foreword, "defending it against the view that our noblest thoughts are simply secretions of chemical and electrical events in our brain tissue…"

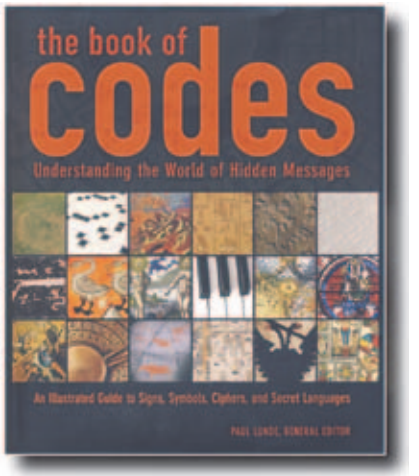
Sure, we've all been there before. Sitting at a rickety desk in a sterile classroom listening to an astronomy or physics professor drone on about material law, definitions, and boundaries. Once I even had a math teacher tell me love is nothing but a chemical that can be easily explained away by mathematics. It is for this reason

that Tart's work is so important. To peel back the layers of our imposed atomic insignificance and to reinstate our value as individuals, not merely by the sum of our parts and their interactions, but as metaphysical and astral entities that indeed survive the death of their bodies.

Though chemical interactions are indeed real—the brain barking orders to tissues to move and twitch—the question remains as to whether these bodily responses are shadowing a more permanent brain. That while love may be in one form a flush of certain chemical mixtures through the body, such mixtures are nothing more than physical depictions of eternal forces at work.

The book wages an example of precisely this debate. In the case of someone healing quicker and more heartily from a sickness as influenced by a loving, caring relationship, material dogma would fall flat—at best describing some chemical soup interacting with the body and fortifying the immune system. On the other hand, experimentation by Tart has shown that random psi events are taking place within astral frequencies.

This book is well written and chockfull of hard evidence, examples, studies, and figures. With whole chapters dedicated to a spectrum of psi events—telepathy, clairvoyance or remote viewing, precognition, psychokinesis, psychic healing, postmortem survival, mediumship, and reincarnation—Tart displays his erudition and lays down an inspiring discussion with countless personal reflections. For anyone sensing the shift in perception aboard this planet, this book is a must-read.


the book of
codes
Understanding the World of Hidden Messages
An Illustrated Guide to Signs, Symbols, Ciphers, and Secret Languages
PAUL LUNDE, GENERAL EDITOR

The Book of Codes
Understanding the World of Hidden Messages

Paul Lunde, General Editor

University of California Press (Berkeley, CA), 2009, hardcover, 288 pgs.

Produced by a team of specialists led by General Editor, Paul Lunde, *The Book of Codes* presents a "lavishly illustrated encyclopedia…[of the] history and development of code making and code breaking, from all areas of culture and society." Generous, abundant or copious with detail—choose your adjective—this illustrated doorstopper is an eye-catcher to say the least.

No holds are barred with this collection, drawing everywhere from ancient

hieroglyphics and runes to places as obscure as DNA code and even sampling from pop-culture such as *The Da Vinci Code* and letters from the Zodiac Killer. It seems that codes are everywhere and have laid the fabric for expressing emotion, drama and mystery through the ages.

Codes don't interest you? To be honest, they don't interest me much. But you don't need to be a "numbers person" or a savant, nervously crunching statistical probabilities to enjoy this installment. Its visual insight spurs one to flip eagerly through the pages, one second learning military signs, then the next, untangling ancient alphabets and cuneiform, before considering how a telegraph works and taking a trip back to reading classical codes of war, painted on vessels or scrawled on "A 4-Letter Caesar Shift."

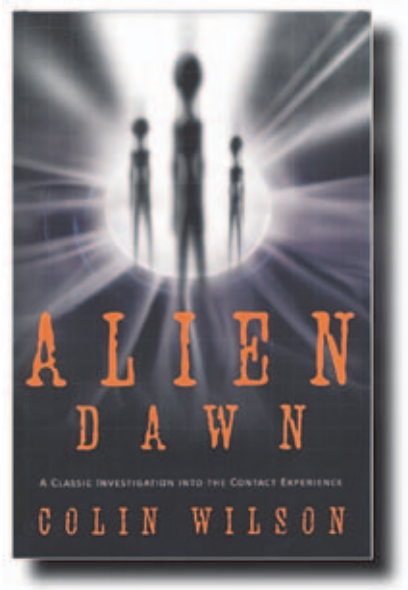
Navajo Windtalkers, street slang and Ebonics speakers, Mafiosos or police on their radios – it seems that every walk of life has its own "talk of life." Witnessing intimate secrets, details and ciphers from everywhere imaginable, in the end, whether the reader is a "numbers person" or not, they may just aspire to be one.

Alien Dawn
A Classic Investigation into the Contact Experience

by Colin Wilson

Llewellyn Publications (Woodbury, MN), 2010, softcover, 406 pgs.

In *Alien Dawn*, best-selling author and paranormal authority Colin Wilson puts



UFOs, contact phenomenon, out-of-body experiences, ancient folklore, time slips, crop circles, poltergeists and psychic travel under the microscope of scrutiny. His conclusions are definitive along with his theory. All games aside, both skeptics and believers have something to gain from this book.

It turns out the ground between disparate paranormal phenomenon may be far less sprawling than previously thought. Wilson comments in regards to John Keel's investigation into *The Mothman Prophecies*, "[That] what Keel's book seems to show is that there is no clear dividing line between UFO phenomenon and the 'paranormal'—for example, poltergeist activity, telepathy, and precognition. And in many books describing

abduction phenomenon, the line often dissolves completely."

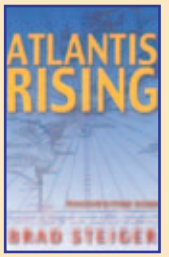
Continuing down similar paths, Wilson works with a theory he postulated in the '80s, surmising that consciousness comes in eight levels. Unconsciousness kicks things off at zero, followed by one, dreaming; two, passive consciousness; three, an active mind state subject to fate; followed by four, the "so called" normal consciousness; and five, what he calls "spring-morning consciousness," a sense of clarity and wide-awakeness. This is very similar to six, which is taken a step further so that people are in a place reminiscent of a honeymoon in which everything is perfect. At last, seven, "faculty X," and eight, mystical consciousness.

"Faculty X" and the mystical consciousness, one could guess, are higher faculties. In fact, anything above five according to Wilson is where we achieve "'nonleaking' consciousness," where one is able to stand upon the white peaks of clarity and understand, or take in a picture that would otherwise take months to explore. The latter, faculty x, is our ability to imagine realities in other places and times. Mystical consciousness goes further, filling the situation with pitfalls and booby-traps, wherein "it seems impossible to speak without contradicting oneself."

Mankind's frontier into the mind and the depths of the eight levels represents everything of the changes that are taking place here on Earth today, somewhat metaphorically and more literally. Take a minute to consider whether close encounters with ETs might represent the selfish fulfillment of a superior race, prodding and plugging at humans as we do to frogs in biology class, or if in doing so they are actually working towards a higher end, beneficial to both races.

The answer to this question is shocking and noteworthy. I guess you'll have to read the book to find out Wilson's definitive answer to such a strange and mystical phenomenon. Ω

Best Book on Atlantis



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Report from the Readers

Send your letters to FATE, PO Box 460, Lakeville, MN 55044
E-mail: *fate@fatemag.com*

The Bard Remotely Viewed

In response to your article in the July-August 2009 issue, here is my input.

Suprisingly, as I tried to find *who* was the creator of the Shakespeare plays, I got a sizeable *group* of people; so whoever contributed "A committee of actors and noblemen" to the list of possibilities was on the right track!

The final dialogue, however, was done by only *one* man. The person I saw was *not* Edward de Vere or the William Shakespeare shown in the two pictures.

It seems as though *all* of the plays illustrated factual cases that were known to some member of the group. This person would investigate and draft the story.

This person brought a draft play to a particular theater where it was submitted to *one* person for editing-rewriting, and stage design (stage space was very limited for presentation of many of these stories).

I saw a man who was about 45 to 50 years old, very *wide* (heavy-boned), but muscular rather than fat. He had a full head of mixed gray/black hair that was collar-length, a close-cropped beard and mustache. His skin was fair and his eyes were blue. He was considered tall for his time but I don't think he was taller than about five-foot-seven. His physical strength and confidence impressed everyone that met him.

At a time when most of the common people were illiterate, there was a ready market for plays based on factual incidents or scandals. It was similar to present-day media efforts where a really sordid scandal or crime story in the news promptly morphs into a TV special and, later, a full-length movie.

Since these plays were often used to portray an enemy in an unfavorable light or take a shot at an opponent, it was best that the nonexistent "William Shakespeare" name be used on *all* works presented by this group. The name was the John Doe or "Kilroy was here" of that time!

It will be interesting if someone is able to identify the man I saw; he seemed to be able to write, produce, direct, and stage whatever script someone handed to him. Despite all of these talents, he remained in the background but *his* was the *final* word on everything.—*Regina M. Lake, Philadelphia, PA*

It Was St. Germain and Bacon

I believe St. Germain as Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays. Although I am not psychic myself, I arrived at this conclusion from reports by several psychic people I trust and from spirit entities from the other side.—*F. Morse,* Placerville, CA

"Baba Who?"

I smiled when in November I received my July/August 2009 FATE magazine. I felt like a time traveler. I liked how the new paper whispered "Adventure" to me as it passed through my fingers when I turned the pages, and this issue had plenty of them, thanks.

I also smiled when I read the feature by Nancy Griffin, called "Sai Baba" and the letter in Report from the Readers titled "Too Much New Age." I thought about how life is seen through the eyes of the beholder and about the first time I had ever heard of the Avatar Sai Baba. It was in March 2001. At the time I owned a small hair salon in the western suburbs of Chicago. Next door to me was a dog-grooming shop. She and I became friends. Our motto was, "A do for you, and your doggy too!"

On Ash Wednesday, our electricity had gone out in the building. Without hesitation, we rescheduled appointments, put our phones on call-forwarding to our cells, and headed across the street to an Irish bar and eatery to wait it out. We ordered our usual salty dogs and chatted in-between calls.

On our second round, a man from India sat next to me on my right. He too ordered a salty dog. We said hello and asked him his name. He told us it was Baba something. He said he worked north of the city. His occupation happened to be the same as my husband's. He also had been sent home early because the electricity had gone out where he worked. He said his father had been a great astrologer.

He read our palms. He said he could tell my companion had a very strong will by the tightness of the muscle between her thumb and forefinger and that she reminded him of his wife, who ten years ago kicked him in the head like a horse for not listening to her. He laughed, it had the sound of tinkling bells. She and I exchanged glances. Ten years ago, she had been kicked in the head by a horse. It had taken her a year for her to recover from her injuries.

Time passed. It had gotten dark out. "Hey, where did Baba go?" my friend inquired. I turned to my right, then back toward my friend and shrugged my shoulders. "Oh my God," she shrieked, "look at your head! It's got ashes on it in the shape of a cross!" I took my compact out, sure enough, there it was. I pointed and yelled

to a regular we called the Newspaper Guy, "He does too!" We laughed loud and long, he rubbed his head. We looked around us, and it seemed everyone had them except my friend. "Well, you smoke. You could have gotten ashes on your fingers from the tray."

"In the shape of the cross?" I queried. "What about Newspaper Guy?"

"Ink from the paper."

"And the rest?"

"Catholic, we're in an Irish bar."

"Okay, how about the horse and the rest of the coincidences?"

"Uncanny, I concur. But, just that: coincidences."

"Fair enough," I pandered.

A few days later, I related our encounter to a client. A woman in the chair next to us told us about Sai Baba. She also said that Baba meant Father. She told us about the Vibhuti, but also how ashes were used in other religions and cultures and their meanings. The woman stressed that we should keep a heads-up to great changes coming and other synchronicities, if any. She wasn't kidding. Due to unseen events, both our lifestyles changed as well as our beliefs about life. Our dreams became more meaningful and vivid. I closed my store a few months later and moved far away. And of course, there was 911 that year. Our Baba didn't have the cool hair-style like the Sai Baba in the picture, nor did he look like him, and I don't know who our Baba was, but whenever I have a salty dog, or see ashes on the heads of others, I think of tinkling bells, that day, my friend and a wish I had made in the summer of 2000 around a roaring fire. And like Nancy Griffin, I am grateful for the messenger that said it was heard.—*Tara Voler, Lamont, Ill.*

Say Hi to Satan for Me

The articles "Mystery of the Rennes-le-Chateau: The Church of Mary Magdalene" by Richard W. Todd and "Mysteries of a Cathar Princess" by Glen Craney are outrageous and blasphemous. Like Dan Brown, author of *The DaVinci Code,* they are anti-Catholic and anti-Christ. There are many antichrists in today's world, but the Antichrist, mentioned in the Bible, will put in an appearance later, I'm sure the above-named are mouthpieces for the Illuminati, whose goal is to establish a one-world government and a one-world religion, based on pantheism, under Lucifer. Sadly, they are unaware that they are misleading people, many of whom are unaware that they are heading for Hell, because they are misleading people, many of whom have already been brainwashed over the last 40 years or so. They cannot tell right from wrong. Re: Cathars, I'm quoting below an excerpt from the book entitled *The Red Fog Over America*, by William Guy Carr:

"As far as I can ascertain, the Inquisition was started to stop Albigensian heresy known as the 'Catharan Belief' which had its objective the depopulation of the Christian world. Catharists preached that to indulge in sexual intercourse for the purpose of procreation was serving the purpose of Satan and was therefore a mortal sin. Catharism also taught that human beings who were unable to make useful contribution materially to society should be made to commit suicide or allowed to die of starvation. The doctrines were very similar to those preached and practiced by Dr. Brock Chisholm and many other medical 'specialists,' 'experts,' and 'advisors,' who the Illuminati have attached to the United Nations since 1946."

Centuries ago, punishment was harsh. People were even hanged for stealing other people's food. The Pope was concerned for the souls of his flock, so he had to take severe action against the Cathars. Hell is for real and is not a nice place to be, and once a person lands there, he can't come out of there. What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?

I subscribe to FATE because I like ghost stories, and hopefully, you won't continue to print articles that offend some people.

As for "Sympathy for the Devil," I quit listening to the Rolling Stones years ago because of their dark side and the fact that their songs can mesmerize some people. Tony Brown, in his book *Empower the People,* has the following, among other things, to say about the Beatles.

"The cover of the Beatles *Sergeant Pepper* album pictured the Grand Master of three degenerate British Masonic Orders, Aleister Crowley, alleged to have taken 150 lives, mostly young boys, in human sacrifices in the homicidal, drug-dealing Ordo Temple Orientis (OTO) Masonic Group, once a breeding ground for the Hitler movement. Also included on the cover were Illuminati Freemason Satanist Karl Marx, Rosicrucian (socialist) Freemason Carl Jung, and Marxist Freemason H. G. Wells. Why were those three men on the album cover? Ringo Starr reportedly explained that they were "people we like and admire."

Only a divine intervention can save this world, and it is comng soon. God Bless.—*Nina D'Souza, Oakland, CA*

FATE Poll

Our good friend Robert Goerman recently ran a poll on the Yahoo Groups forum that he monitors. We invite readers to respond to this poll by writing to us here at FATE:

If you ruled FATE magazine, what would you change? What departments and columns would you add? What departments and columns would you keep? What departments and columns would you drop? For this poll, I ask FATE readers and subscribers to evaluate my 12 personal suggestions. Please feel free to make your own suggestions and check all the following ideas that tickle your fancy. Now, if I owned FATE magazine, I would…

Change the magazine to a quarterly format (Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter) that serves as a comprehensive digest of the strange and unknown.

Keep or **Drop** the "I See By the Papers" column.

Keep or **Drop** the "Book Reviews" department.

Add a new "Paranormal Paparazzi" department. There are millions of digital cameras out there. Openly solicit FATE readers to "See it! Snap it! Send it!" and feature the results on a page or two.

Change "The Amazing Godwin" column back to "The Last Page." While I sincerely respect my friend David F. Godwin, let's solicit other voices to be heard.

Keep or **Drop** the "My View of the Unknown" column by Hilly Rose.

Keep or **Drop** the "Bulletin Board" department.

Keep or **Drop** the "Report from the Readers" letters department.

Add a new "Featured Case" department. There are hundreds of ghost, cryptid, and UFO hunting groups out there. Openly solicit them for their best evidence!

Keep the target length 500 to1,000 words with photos as a "must-have."

Keep or **Drop** the "My Proof of Survival" department.

Keep or **Drop** the "True Mystic Experiences" department.

Keep or **Drop** the reprints of articles from 50 years ago.

Add more pages.

Send your answers to FATE magazine, PO Box 460, Lakeville, MN 55044, or email *fate@fatemag.com*. Ω

Can You Help These Readers?

Dear Sir/Madame,

I am trying to locate an organization called The Monastery of the Seven Rays. I believe this organization advertised in FATE during the 1970s. As I am only a recent subscriber, I do not have access to the magazines from that period.

Any information from you or the other FATE devotees would be most welcome.

Thanking you in anticipation.—*Bradford W. Underwood, Australia*

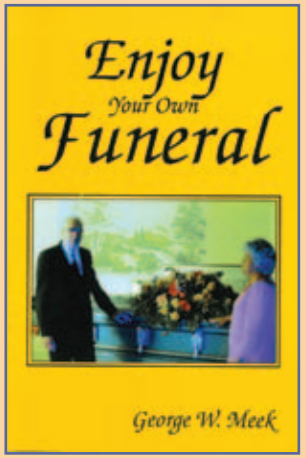
Dear Editor,

Looking for serious astrology researchers to share information on astrological cycles and influences. Contact *Martin Piechota, 600 Pine Street Dupont, CA 18641*. Ω

"I was in prison and ye came unto me,"—Matthew 24:36—
was the inspiration for modern penal reform in the U.S.
The word "murder" occurs only four times in the Bible.
—*James Hines*

You Never Have to Die!

Scientific Proof That You Will Live On After Death!



In this groundbreaking book, researcher **George W. Meek** begins by presenting the mountain of logical arguments and observed evidence of life after death, then moves on to experimental, scientific proof.

The author's wife died after a long illness, but Jeannette not only attended her own funeral, but contact was soon established with her in the spirit world. After communications with other departed souls, we now know what the spirit worlds are like and what goes on there.

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Slate Writing

Invisible Intelligence

by Ron Nagy

Slate Writing or psychography was a means of spirit communication that started during the flourescence of spiritualism and continued into the middle 20th century. Why would so many intelligent people vouch for and verify the slate writing phenomena by signing their names, and sending their stories and reports to newspapers? Marvelous phenomena were taking place.

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My View of the Unknown

Hilly Rose

Hello! Are you awake out there? Do you realize you are living through the edge of a breakthrough on where we have come from? Do you take the time to look at the almost daily dose of photos from the amazing telescopes flying through space that have broken the barrier of knowledge of what is going on over our heads? I marvel at the fantastic beauty of what goes on in space at tremendous distances from Earth.

In my lifetime we have gone from looking up at the Man in the Moon (which some said was made of green cheese) to man walking on the Moon. We have landed rovers on Mars and sampled the soil. We have detailed photos of our Moon, Mars, Saturn's rings and much, much more. Some look at the photos and see structures definitely made by some form of intelligence. Most scientists look at the photos and see telltale rivulets and snow caps. We have now gone far beyond black holes to see stars being formed and huge formations banging into each other producing new types of flying objects.

The most exciting development of all is that real scientists are taking this information, proposing theories based on fact regarding the roots of human life on Earth. They are reporting this in respected scientific journals opening the door to a marriage between science and many of the "unknown" stories we have been reading in FATE magazine for more than half a century. In other words, I believe we are finally opening closed minds to other worldly possibilities.

The London-based *Telegraph* (a most prestigious news organization) is reporting many stories it would not have touched ten years ago. For example, the Space Research Institute of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences reports aliens from outer space are already among us on Earth. According to Lachezar Filipov, the deputy director, "Aliens are currently all around us, and are watching us all the time." While SETI in America is listening for any kind of signal from outer space, Filipov says contact is made through the power of thought. He also claims these ETs are busy answering 30 questions through a complex set of symbols. Is this story the real thing? Who knows? The point is a respected journal feels confident enough to print it without relegating it to the "little green men" category.

The best way of proving that extraterrestrial life exists elsewhere in the universe is to use evidence from Earth, according to Prof. Paul Davies, a physicist at Arizona State University, in a presentation to the Royal Society in England. This meeting had folks from NASA, the European Space Agency, and the UN Office for Outer Space Affairs in attendance. Professor Davies went on to say, "We need to give up the notion that ET is sending us some sort of customized message and take a new approach." This would focus on deserts, volcanic vents, salt-saturated lakes, and the dry valleys of Antarctica, "places where ordinary life struggles to survive, to find weird microbes that belong to a shadow biosphere."

In other words, we are looking in the wrong places, but respectable scientific organizations are listening. ET may be underfoot.

Even SETI is taking notice. Rocco Mancinelli of that organization has secured funding from NASA for Zeppelin flyovers of the salt marshes located at the south end of San Francisco Bay. According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "As water disappeared from Mars surface, salt was left behind and the briny environmental conditions grew similar to the salt ponds." The Zeppelin flights hope to find clues to how Martian life (if there was any) adapted and survived the harsh environments.

Jumping on the bandwagon, Prof. Chandra Wickramasinghe of Cardiff University in Wales says the first seeds of life were deposited on Earth from space 3,800 million years ago. These microbes arrived from outer space on comets, which then multiplied and seeded to form human life. "We are all aliens, we share a cosmic ancestry. Each time a new planetary system forms, a few surviving microbes find their way into comets, which then multiply and seed other planets." All of this was published in Cambridge University's *International Journal of Astrobiology.*

Professor Wickramasinghe continues, "Evidence from astronomy overwhelmingly supports the view that life did not start on Earth but was seeded from outside."

Careers are on the lines. Most scientists are not going to come out and endorse any theory like those reported above. Yet minds are beginning to open just a little. Respected organizations such as NASA are listening. Respected publications like the *Telegraph* are printing. Prestigious universities such as Cambridge are willing to look at and present alternate theories.

We are on the cusp of a major breakthrough into the marriage of paranormal and science. If ET is underfoot, that gives credence to the inner-Earth theories, stories about rockets emerging from the ocean, and Kafka's metamorphasis. We live in very exciting times if you will look up, then down. A new world is emerging whether we are ready for it or not! Ω

Hilly Rose *is host of the Hilly Rose Show on* www.fatemag.com.

Ghosts around the House

Christy McGuire

The quiet town of Hastings, Minnesota, is located on the Mississippi River about 20 miles south of Saint Paul and Minneapolis. It is a farming community that has, in some parts, more animals than people. The town folk are friendly and often wave at cars that pass by. This may seem strange to outsiders but there is, of course, a good reason: If you are from the area, chances are you are related by blood or marriage, and being thought of as a snob could get you a dead fish in your mail box. I love being from a small town.

About seven miles out of town, an old white farmhouse sits on a hill surrounded by towering oak trees. This is the home where I grew up. It is also the place where I return, as often as I can, to escape the stress of living in the city. I have to admit, it does look pretty creepy at night. But even scarier were the sounds of footsteps and knocking that I heard when I was growing up.

I remember asking my mom (Carole Menge) what it was that was making those noises. Most of the time she would say the house was just settling. Once in a while she would say, "It must be the ghost." Mom had a strange sense of humor. She would also tell me that there was no such thing as ghosts when it was bedtime and the noises were keeping me up.

I grew up thinking that ghosts were sort of a joke. They were a figment of the imagination caused by a settling house that could be blamed for just about anything from missing keys to cupboard doors being left open. Anything potentially paranormal could easily be dismissed by the fact that there were five kids (not including any neighbors, cousins, or strays) in the house, any one of whom could have been the culprit. But now that I am older, and have had some truly unexplainable experiences, I think perhaps we did have a ghost and didn't realize it.

As I was leaving Mom's house on Christmas night 2007, I had an overwhelming feeling of being watched. I pulled out my camera and pointed it toward one of the monstrous oak trees. I said out loud, "Gracie [the name of my grandmother, who I felt may have been watching over me], if you are here, please come in front of the camera."

In one of the pictures you can see a spirit orb appear to be landing on one of the branches. In another there is a strange white shape. It was so freezing cold out that night I only took a few pictures. Now I wish I had taken more.

Looking back to when I was growing up, it must have seemed peculiar to any ghost who may have been trying to get our attention. Despite all the footsteps and banging, we did not take it seriously. We may have inadvertently teased it by saying, "Oh, it's just a ghost." Come to think of it, we even played a game called "ghost around the house," which was a form of tag at night.—*Christy McGuire, Richfield, Minn.*

When Bad Is Good

June Fredman

For many years now I've been having experiences that at first flush seemed unfortunate, only to discover shortly afterwards that, without them, something very desirable would not have occurred or something fairly awful would have. For example, if all three persons involved in getting one of my sons to a distant airport for a trip to visit his father one time had not misread or misremembered the plane's departure time, we would have been en route to get him there when the car's water pump took out. This would have left us stranded by the road somewhere without money for towing or repairs. As it happened, our collective error meant that the problem was taken care of at home, allowing us time to safely reschedule his departure. One can posit that some external influence deliberately engineered our identical misimpressions in order to prevent a really serious mishap. When only the mind is involved, there is more room for speculation, but my last brush with "more than coincidence" involves a material component somewhat harder to explain away.

My father was a brakeman for the Missouri-Pacific. He died in 1971. I saved his railroad cap, his lantern, and switch keys, but the only physical link to him is his walking cane. It has been part of my everyday life since a bad fall eight years ago.

It's very old, having previously been his father's and before that, his great-uncle's. Its mahogany stain has worn com-

pletely off the handle, and the bare wood exposed is markedly distressed. Two sets of initials have been carved in the end of the hook: my dad's and my youngest son's. It can therefore be identified without any possibility of mistake. It goes without saying that I am deeply attached to this memento of days gone by.

Well over a month ago, I looked for the cane in preparation for going out. It was nowhere to be found. I had a backup that I could use and went on about my business, but I was distraught over the loss. In the days that followed, I went back to each of the limited number of places I might have left Dad's cane and made inquiries to no avail, the last being a large supermarket where I accompanied the customer service employee to the area where such things were stored in a particular corner all their own. It was empty. I lost all hope of ever recovering the keepsake but kept fretting about it. There was a sense of nagging incompleteness, of things being terribly amiss that needed to be set right.

I recently returned to the same supermarket to do some shopping, taking along the ordinary wooden cane on loan to me. Since having my wallet stolen from my purse left in the child's seat of a grocery cart some time back, I have been scrupulously alert and never turn my back anymore. My cart stays within reach and in front of me. On this occasion, as usual, I put the cane, tip first, down in the basket on entering the premises, hung its hook over the edge of the cart's handle, and began to fill the collapsible seat with produce and other typical purchases. One of these was a 20-pound bucket of kitty litter that I could hardly lift. It was not removed from the cart, even at the check stand, so the possibility of my having inadvertently switched carts with someone else at the last minute was absolutely nil.

When I got to my car and had unloaded all my stuff, I suddenly realized the cane was missing.

"Oh, not again!" I groaned, but I brightened up at the knowledge that at least the loss had been discovered immediately, and I could doubtless go right back in and reclaim the item.

I first went straight to the checkout counter. No cane there. Then I tried customer service. Again I accompanied the employee back to the corner for lost canes. There was the cane from which I had just been separated, and there, as big as life, was my dad's cane! I could scarcely believe my eyes. I grabbed it, all but yelling, "That's mine!" I took possession of the other cane, too, and walked out with both of them.

Then I began to ponder the mystery of how the second cane managed to leave my grocery cart. Had it fallen out, it would have made a racket, and I might very well have tripped over it. Had some prankster attempted to take it while I was shopping, the sheer magnitude of the necessary movements would have attracted my attention, as well as the rearrangement of the grocery items that had been piled on top of the handle.

What is absolutely clear is that, had my backup walking stick not disappeared, I would never have found the other one. I had accepted the earlier failure to locate it as final. I would have had no reason to expect better results from any subsequent inquiry.

All I know for sure is that my beloved cane is home, and it's going to stay here.—*June Fredman, Gresham, OR*

Lois Halley

The Gift

In the spring of 1973 my husband and I decided to drive from our home in Philadelphia to Key West to celebrate our fifth wedding anniversary. My parents agreed to house and pet sit for us, and as they saw us off, my father reached into his wallet and pulled out a few bills.

"Buy yourselves an anniversary present from me while you are away, something nice that you might not spend your own money on."

As we traveled south stopping at various tourist attractions, we had fun contemplating what sort of small luxury we might purchase. Knowing that it was a gift, we wouldn't feel guilty for not using the money for something practical.

After a few days we arrived at Disney World. We had not reached a decision on what to buy as my father's gift to us when we came upon a shop that sold cuckoo clocks. I don't know which of us was first to say, "I love cuckoo clocks," but we both realized that this would be our present. We carefully chose one that we both admired. It was hand-carved in Germany and had a nest of baby birds with two larger birds that seemed to be guarding the nest. On the top sat the largest bird which seemed to be protecting them all.

After our trip, the clock was placed in a prominent place in our home. We learned that to keep functioning, cuckoo clocks require maintenance every couple of years, and we faithfully had it "tuned up" on schedule. Eventually our busy lives and other priorities prevailed, and when we stopped maintenance, the clock finally stopped running. It still looked beautiful hanging in its silence.

My father and I always had a special bond, strengthened by my being an only child and by two serious misfortunes. In my childhood, Dad almost died two times, once when the coal mine he was working in collapsed and once from a critical illness. But, the strong, gruff-sounding coal miner with the warm heart survived to the age of 89, which did not

The clock.

make it any easier to let him go.

I lived 155 miles from my parents but visited my father in the hospital or nursing home every week during the five months before his death. I saw him two days before he died but was greatly saddened that I was not there when he breathed his last. A huge burden of guilt hung over me; my father had always been there for me, but I was not with him at the end.

The last time I saw him, he said, "I hear Frank in the hall. Tell him to come in and have a seat." Frank was my father's best friend throughout their lives, but I couldn't invite him in as he had died years before.

Three months of grief and guilt passed, and deep inside I wished for a sign from Dad to let me know that he was okay and that I was forgiven. One day I was home alone, feeling despondent, with negative thoughts crowding into my mind. I thought that there must not be an afterlife, and when you die you are just dead. If there was something more, surely my father would find a way to let me know. I began thinking of how punctual my dad always was. Every Sunday night, at precisely 7:00 p.m., he would telephone me. Just as the TV program *Sixty Minutes* came on the air with its clock loudly ticktocking, his call would come. Twice a year, when it was time to move clocks forward or back, he would also call to remind me.

In my reverie, I thought I heard that *Sixty Minutes* clock, but then my gaze went to the cuckoo across the room. I saw that its pendulum, which had not moved in many years, was now moving. I watched through tear-filled eyes as the minute hand moved to the 12 and the little mechanical bird came out to sing, as if to let me know that my father was in the place where good souls go, and everything was indeed okay.

The clock remains running to this day.—*Lois Halley, Westminster, MD*

Ghost in the Kitchen

I'm 86 years old and I've had a lot of strange things told to me in my time. But the strangest thing of all happened to me back when I was a young chap. I went with my pa over to visit the Callahams. They had just bought an old farmhouse built back in the mid-1800s, and the former owners had died there.

It was right around dark and everybody was sitting in the front parlor talking. Mrs. Callaham had just lit the kerosene lamps. Pa had told me to be quiet while the grownups were talking, so

Quincy Yancey

I sat listening to them gossiping about everybody under the sun. I knew most of the folk they were talking about, so I enjoyed just listening.

It wasn't long before we all heard a racket back in the dark kitchen. Dishes were being clanked down hard on the table, and pots and pans were banging. Cabinet doors were getting slammed as hard as they could. "What in the world is going on?" Mr. Callaham yelled. But the racket didn't even let up. We all traipsed back, Mrs. Callaham ahead of all of us toting the kerosene lamp.

As soon as we got out into the hallway, the noise stopped. We went on back into the kitchen and all was quiet. There wasn't a soul in sight. The kitchen was in order where Ma had helped Mrs. Callaham clean up after our dinner. Even the dish cloth was hung up. There wasn't anything to do but turn around and go back into the parlor.

Later on, Mrs. Callaham came to visit Ma and told us that the racket went on every night between 7:30 and 8:00.

"I think the house is haunted, and if it doesn't stop, I don't think I can continue to live there," Mrs. Callaham moaned.

"Well, I've heard tell that if you put something new in a haunted house, the haunts will leave," Ma suggested. "Maybe put up a brand new door to the kitchen and a new sink top."

The Callahams took her suggestion and put in a new door to the kitchen and also enlarged the window over the sink. Sure enough, as soon as they did this, the racket in the kitchen never happened again.—*Quincy Yancey, Bullock, NC*

An Investigator's Tale

Recently a close friend of mine asked that I check out not only her family home but also another structure on their farm. Stephanie told me of seeing the figure of a woman and a little boy that frequented certain parts of the family home, including the main staircase. I was also shown a radio that contained no batteries and was also not plugged into a power source. Stephanie told me of several occasions in which the radio would turn on and off on its own as well as stories of voices throughout the house. She also took me down to the other small structure on the land, which was a tiny four-room house that had not had occupants for the last ten years.

Obviously I could not ignore my friend and her family's plea for assistance so I gathered my ghost-hunting equipment (EMF detector, digital thermome-

Lynn Williams

ter, voice recorder, digital camera and camcorder, and various flashlights) and enlisted her help for a night of investigating. With the rest of the family out of the house and Stephanie there to guide me in setting some things up to aid the investigation, it made things a lot easier.

As soon as the sun set, we turned the lights out and began the working part of our visit. We started upstairs where the radio would go off and voices were heard and I guided Stephanie through her first EVP session. We were also able to record temperature fluctuations of up to ten degrees in a matter of a few seconds.

When we invited the spirits to touch us and give us a sign of their presence, Stephanie felt a tug on her hair and I felt a light rub against my arm. I brought out the EMF detector and we began asking questions with it. I explained to the spirit that if it came close to the device it could cause the equipment to make a sound. And we seemed to get correspondence to several questions.

When asked if it was a female, nothing happened, but when asked about being a male the unit went off the charts. We were able to localize that we were speaking to a small boy around the age of seven and this corresponded to some EVPs when we were able to check them. According the EVPs his name was Evan. We also got some humming noises throughout the session as well. None of this was heard by us at the time.

We failed, however, at getting any photos that weren't dust and we also struck out on the camcorder. Out in the other structure we had some personal experiences of weird feelings and such, but no hard evidence. Once Stephanie had some evidence that she and her family weren't crazy, she decided that there was no need to disturb the spirits further because she and her kids had never been harmed by either entity.—*Lynn Williams, Martinsville, IN*

My Father Came Back

While I have always believed in the possibility of the supernatural, I had no proof of survival after death until the death of my father, 22 years ago.

My father was in the hospital dying of cancer, but he was expected to live for a few more weeks and was in fact scheduled to be moved to a convalescent hospital when he had an unexpected heart attack. He was gone in two hours. I was running errands and I didn't learn of his death until several hours later.

The night following his death, I found

Laurie Brown

myself in a dream of uncommon vividness. My father and I were walking down the street in the mobile home park he and my mother lived in, but he didn't look like he had at the time of his death. He was walking erect and with easy strides. His hair was blond again. He radiated health, something that I had really never seen, as I was born late in my parents' lives. But what was oddest was his dress. He was wearing dark blue pants, not jeans, and a long-sleeved white shirt with an orange patch on one side. Now, my father was a creature of strong habit. He almost always wore jeans; the only regular pants he owned were ancient brown tweed. And he never, ever wore white, not even to funerals. And he certainly never wore shirts with logos on them.

I had the sense that we communicated quite a bit, and there was a strong feeling of love, but the only thing that I remember him saying to me was, "Take care of your mother." That was the very strong, very clear message. And this made sense. His message was exactly what it would have been in life: he was concerned about my mother.

When I woke, the dream was very vivid in my memory, but I didn't think it was anything unusual. After all, it's normal to dream about a loved one. But all day it stayed in my mind, impelling me to talk about it to my mother. I didn't want to bother her at the time with a dream, but finally I blurted it out. She got a little pale and very still. Then she told me that the clothes he was wearing were what he had had worn when he owned a gas station years before I was born. The orange patch was the oil company logo. She seemed disturbed by this dream, but calmed.

To this day, I have never seen a photo of my father in these clothes. I don't think one ever existed. That dream was the first time I ever saw him dressed like that. I believe that my father came to me like that, not just to make sure that I'd take care of my mother, but so we'd both know without doubt that he had survived.—*Laurie Brown, Standpoint, ID* Ω

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My Proof of Survival,
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Shadow Friend

Bobbie Shafer

My grandparents bought a beautiful old antebellum home in Palestine, Texas. It had been known as the old Proctor Home since it was built by the Proctors at the turn of the century. It had been started in late 1898 and was finished in 1900.

The double glass doors opened from the covered front porch into an elegant entryway that divided the house into two mirror images. Each side had a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, and two bedrooms. A wide stairway in the entry hall turned midway to the upstairs and revealed a frosted window with glass shelves. The stairway turned the second time toward the upstairs, which held four bedrooms, two dressing rooms with baths, and two sitting rooms.

My parents lived on the left side of the house off the entry hall, and my grandparents lived on the right side with identical rooms, but reversed.

I had the large upstairs front corner bedroom that looked out over the front yard and Mallard Street. It was directly over Mother and Daddy's living room. The house was in an older part of town and most of the houses were built around the same time as the Proctor House or in the '30s or '40s. It was a quiet, peaceful neighborhood, but Mallard Street was one of the main streets that led into town.

My room must have been one of the original main bedrooms. When my grandfather bought the house he was able to purchase many pieces of furniture that were in the house, and even with our family and theirs we didn't have near enough to fill that large house. Most of the furniture in my room had been in the house when it was bought. There was an old four poster bed, an ancient rocking chair that would rock in the slightest breeze, an overstuffed chair with a matching ottoman by the window, and a dressing table that had two side-hinged mirrors that could be pulled forward so you could fix your hair or check your clothes from any angle. I had a magnificent old trunk at the foot of the bed that held extra blankets, and there were two small bedside tables on either side of my bed.

I loved that room and the soft glow of the corner streetlight that filtered through the gauzy curtains. The bedroom behind my room had French doors that adjoined the two rooms and the bathroom was off that room. I made it my study room and felt like I had my own private apartment. I had just turned 14 and felt like a princess in a castle.

I had been in the room for a couple of days and although I felt warm and comfortable, I also felt I was not always alone.

The first confirming encounter was on a Friday night. My friends and I had been to the movies and when we stopped at the popular burger stand for a Coke afterward, I had felt that the boys we talked to had practically ignored me and flirted shamelessly with all my friends. I felt more like a toad than a princess and was depressed and weepy.

I hadn't let on to my parents as I wasn't in the mood for the typical, "You're overreacting" speech. I went directly upstairs after kissing my mom and dad good night. I washed my face, changed into my baby doll pajamas, turned off the light and flopped dejectedly in bed. As I replayed the night in my mind, the tears began to flow and I heard myself moan out loud, "What's wrong with me? Why didn't they talk to me as much as they did to Bonnie or Margie?"

I buried my head in my pillow and thought I felt the bed sink down near my feet. I was afraid my mother had detected something was wrong. She was like that. I loved my mother. She was the best, but I just couldn't talk right now. I was too confused, too emotional. The words wouldn't come out right. I needed to think. I raised up, prepared to smile and tell her everything was fine and that I was just tired, when I saw, to my surprise…nothing. No one was there, but now I smelled the faint, sweet aroma of pipe tobacco.

My grandfather often smoked a pipe, but his pipe smelled different. I can't tell you exactly how, but it was different. This wasn't the same.

My mind was alert now. Although my disappointing night hadn't faded completely away, there was something else to think about. I looked around the room. The street light seemed to have dimmed. Although nothing had changed, nothing was the same. Everything was where it was supposed to be, but slightly surreal. There were shadows here and there that looked darker than I remember, but they didn't look menacing. I felt like it was a dream, a vibrant dream like when you wake up, you remember every detail. It wasn't frightening…it was like I had been invited to view a secret…a special scene that wasn't for everyone to see.

I wasn't alone. The bed moved again, as if the someone who had sat down earlier had shifted backward to get a better position, but there was no one there.

Again the smell of pipe smoke.

"I guess you think I'm acting childish," I said in a pout, to the no one who was or wasn't there.

"It's just that I felt so…so like I was a piece of furniture. They didn't even acknowledge I was there. Maybe I wasn't the most interesting person there. Maybe, I wasn't the prettiest or smartest, but you'd think someone would have included me in the conversation. I was so…so embarrassed."

The tears had started again and I could feel myself tuning up for another good cry when suddenly the atmosphere changed. There was a calming feeling in the air. It was like I was wrapped up in understanding.

"Boys," the thought came into my head, "are silly creatures. They don't react the way girls do. They don't know what to say to the people they like, so they say nothing. They are so afraid of making a fool of themselves or having a girl laugh at them that they do nothing. It's hard to understand, but you must try to put yourself in their place. They are expected to make the first move, but what if they don't know how? Be patient. It isn't your fault, it isn't their fault. It's simply inexperience."

I was so busy listening to the rationalization in my head, I didn't realize at first it couldn't be me. I didn't know those things. How could I comfort myself with words that were so foreign to me? I couldn't have.

As my mind raced to sort out what was going on, I scooted down in my bed and my head rested on my pillow. I felt the bed tremble slightly as if someone had just risen from it. I glanced around and the room slipped back to normal. The light from the streetlight shone in brightly. The air was clear, no pipe smoke, and everything was sharp and clear. There were fewer shadows and they were as dark. Maybe I was just being over emotional. No. Maybe it was just my imagination. No.

Days passed and the explanations I heard that night proved to be true. In the next few outings, I was talked to, flirted with, and was included just as my friends had been earlier.

I found that visits from my shadow friends came more often than not when I had a problem or was confused about what was going on in my life. There were no spoken words, no unearthly apparitions, but there was a peace and understanding that surrounded me and allowed me to see things clearly, without personal prejudice.

I seldom mentioned those nights, those visits. They were just for me. I sometimes wondered who they were, but it really wasn't important. They didn't need anything from me. They were there for me. I'm sure I wasn't the first, and I hope that those that followed me accepted them for what they were: friends, shadow friends.

I hesitated writing about them. I somehow feel they wish to remain anonymous, but I have no doubts that I'm not alone in experiencing these visits. For, in not speaking of these friends, it's like not accepting nor believing in them, and if you don't acknowledge them, it's a grave injustice to them and to yourself. When you feel that you don't count, that you're not important, remember, you were important to them… to your shadow friends.—*Bobbie Shafer, Troup, Texas*

My Friend, Bonnie

Barbara Richey Cronin

It was a dream about a fatal car crash. I didn't know it, though, at the time. I just knew this was a psychic dream. And, that, in this dream, I was driving along a certain road, in a certain location, when something light as a feather touched the back of my shoulder. It drew a line across the back of my left shoulder across to my right shoulder just beneath my neck. So light a touch. It alerted me, though, as I thought of it as an other-worldly feeling. In fact, where I was driving in my dream, was an exact location I know of in my waking life. The dream stayed with me when I awoke. I knew in my dream, that when that "certain something" touched the back of my shoulders, it meant something was going to happen, something that was inevitable. It was an unstoppable thing, I knew that. I knew I couldn't control this thing, whatever it was, it was like walking into fate. I knew that this meant something (in my dream) even while I was dreaming it, and when I awoke, I knew it had been another one of those psychic dreams. I should be on the lookout for a situation to develop. I have psychic dreams occasionally and they are very different from my regular dreams. I won't go into the particulars now, but there are many things which have unfolded, telling me that the dream has come true. And in detail.

A woman who worked for me, who had to leave my employ to care for her aging parents and the rest of her family, was slowly becoming my friend. We decided to be friends, I think, from the first day she applied for the job. She only worked for me a few months, but we seemed to grow very close. We were planning to go places and do things together, even when she told me she had to quit my job, we still both decided to remain friends. That our friendship seemed to be more important to us was evident, while she kept saying that she thought she had met me for a reason. Bonnie was a very spiritual person.

She was interested in spiritual things, as I am, and the paranormal, but there were other interests we had in common. We had just decided we would begin our

friendship when I got back from my vacation in June. We would go to a church that I had been going to for a healing mass. I wanted her to experience this. She had attended healing sessions herself, she said, at her church and other churches, so she had knowledge of this. We were both interested in what the other had learned in life, and were so happy to meet one another and to have a fellow spiritual companion. I am not a church person, really. I haven't been to church in years, but I asked her to go as she was so eager to learn spiritual things. I was very interested in the healing mass which I had been attending and wanted her to tell me what she thought. It was the first thing we were going to do together.

We said that we would keep in touch by phone until after my vacation, and then get together. Wednesday night (May 21, at 9:00) was the last time I spoke to her. The next day (May 22), on the day she normally worked for me, she was killed in a car crash. I had just spoken to her the night before, on the phone, and it's funny; she seemed to want to stay on the phone. As if she had something to tell me. It was a gruesome accident. Her car hit a flatbed tow truck, which had fish-tailed out of control. The driver had been speeding, hit his breaks and lost control. The tow truck hit Bonnie's oncoming car and the truck peeled off the top of the car. She was pronounced dead at the scene.

I didn't learn of her accident until the day after, that Friday evening. I can't tell you how shocked I was. I had been upset all weekend. The location of her accident was at the exact spot of my dream. Details and all are exact as they unfolded, everything unfolded as it always does with my psychic dreams.

I will never forget. I will never forget my friend, Bonnie.—*Barbara Richey Cronin, Bethel, OH*

The Cat Came Back

My husband Jack and I inadvertently picked up a phantom feline hitchhiker one warm July day in 2003. It seems to have been a poltergeist from Robertson County, Tennessee, the famous Bell Witch's stomping ground.

We were driving home to Bowling Green, Kentucky, after visiting friends in Nashville. It was a sunny Saturday in the early evening. As we passed over the Red River and drove about a mile on I-65 North, we heard a plaintive mewing on my passenger side toward the rear of the car. I immediately looked out my window onto the shoulder of the road, but didn't see any sign of a dead animal behind us. The sad meowing continued for miles, and in fact did not abate until we stopped the car in our driveway.

My husband immediately jumped out of the car and looked at all of our tires. There was no sign of blood or fur. We were relieved and went into the house, immediately putting our two cats on the screened-in porch at the back of our house, as was our usual custom. I lay down in the living room to relax, with my feet on the couch pointing toward the front window. I almost fell on the floor when I started hearing the same cat, mewing in the bushes right under the windows. I called to my husband in the back room that I could hear the cat again, and I ran outside, but saw nothing. On returning to my place on the couch, I started hearing the mewing under our wooden floorboards, underneath the same front windows. By this time, my husband had returned from our bedroom, and he could hear the cat under the floorboards. He grabbed a large flashlight and ran to the back of the house, entering the crawl space. When he returned, he said he couldn't see anything under the house except dirt and the underside of our floors. The cat was still mewing under the floorboards, however, and continued to be clearly audible to both of us.

This cat-and-mouse game, so to speak, continued well into the late evening. We intermittently heard the cat in the front bushes. My husband jumped into the bushes, beat around, and shone the flashlight into them once the sun went down. The cat would occasionally sound like it was in our car wheel wells, under the hood of the car, and then back in the bushes. Being cat lovers, we were both extremely distressed to keep hearing this sad cat crying out for help. My husband practically tore the car apart looking for a stowaway, to no avail.

The last thing this poltergeist feline did to torment us was well after dark, when it started mewing up on our roof. Again, my husband grabbed the flashlight… nothing. Then it seemed to be crying from our back roof. The sound was definitely coming from the roof. By this time, our two cats were in the house, so we knew it was not one of them meowing. I ran to the backyard, frantically yelling out, "Jack! It's on our back roof. I can hear it up there!" He ran to the backyard, and shone his flashlight all over our roof, even going so far as to put the extension ladder against the eaves to get a complete view.

To this day, we have no idea what we experienced. I can only surmise that the Bell Witch, known to have wreaked havoc on so many people in Robertson County, along the Red River, was just having some modern-day fun with unsuspecting motorists passing by!—*Lesley Montgomery, Bowling Green, KY*

Lesley Montgomery

A Precognitive Dream

It was late July 1986 when I had breakfast on a Monday morning. As we drank

Wanda W. Yoast

coffee, I related to my husband Tom the dream that had awakened me the night before. I told him that even though I had never been in a hospital intensive care unit, I knew in my dream that is where I was. It was a large, round room, with an open office in the center and small cubicle rooms around the outer perimeter. Each small cubicle had glass windows with white drapes looking into the inner office. The third room on my left is where I was told to go. Upon entering the room, a young man was lying on a gurney critically ill. As I approached the foot of his bed, I suddenly awakened, and found I was very upset because I had been unable to see who the young man was. I felt that it was our son, Dirck, but did not see his face in my dream.

Three days later, on Wednesday night, the telephone rang beside our bed at 3:00 a.m., jarring us awake. It was our daughter-in-law, crying and telling us our son was indeed in the hospital. A nurse came on the phone and told us they thought he had an aneurism, and he was in very critical condition. Our youngest daughter was living with us at the time, so she drove me into the airport in San Antonio to catch the next plane out for Jacksonville, Florida. She then rushed back home, and she and her dad hurried to get things ready and left for Florida by car later that same morning. When I arrived at the hospital in Florida, our son was in the exact room and looked just as I had seen him in my dream three nights before. I had cold chills. With the help of modern medicine, and lots of prayers, we were able to take him home to his wife and children the following week before we returned to Texas. I try to always listen to my dreams, and what they may be trying to prepare me for.

It has always been my belief that only you can interpret your dreams. I believe our dreams fall into one of three categories; first, dreams that pertain to things we may be currently concerned about. Second, past life dreams. I have had two very vivid dreams that I believe were a glimpse of lives I lived long, long ago, in places I have never visited. Third, precognitive dreams, of events that may enfold soon in our future. I think we do not dream in vain; there are reasons for our dreams, and only we can decipher them. I dislike precognitive dreams, for they always seem to foretell bad news for me. Perhaps by listening to the dream, it softens the blow. I hope so.—*Wanda W. Yoast, Lytle, TX*

What in the World Was That?

I've been living in this same neighborhood for over 35 years. One of the weirdest things happened to me on my way to work this past July. Early one morning, I started out for work. I don't have a car, so I was walking to the subway station on Queens Blvd. at about 4:30 a.m. (I start work at 6:00.)

I was going down one of the side streets when I started to hear what sounded like a helicopter way down the other end of that block. The streets are tree-lined on both sides, and as I walked on, the helicopter sounds grew louder. Between the trees, I could see two helicopters, hovering over the trees with searchlights going over all the houses and driveways. I thought the police must be searching for someone.

I should have turned around, and gone down another block, but stupid me, I kept going down towards the helicopters since I was already more than halfway to the corner. As I got closer, I started to feel weird, off balance, and my head started to hurt. It felt as if a pressure was forcing my head down, and the next thing I knew, I was actually falling down to the ground and I could hardly move. I landed on my side and I was able to see that the helicopters were still searching with their lights. Some of the trees on this side street had branches long enough to criss-cross over the street.

I was trying to get up when I noticed that the area I was in seemed to be rippling like gasoline fumes. I started to hear the sound of some kind of motor, going faster and faster over my head. I started to look up and just under the branches, something began to move slowly toward the clearing between the trees. I cannot say what shape it was. It looked black in color and there were no lights, but the second it hit the clearing, it took off at a high speed, and the two helicopters sped out in the same direction.

It was still dark out when I was able to get back up on my feet, but my head was pounding like crazy and the hair on my head hurt to touch. So I went back home and up to my room to lie down. My body felt numb and my teeth were hurting. When I got up and looked at my clock on the night table, I saw that it was 7:30. That same evening, I got up and looked in the mirror and saw that I had dried blood around my nose and ears.

I called my wife at her mother's, and when she came home, I told her what had happened. We both agreed that we should not tell anyone about this, so please don't use my real name.—*M. Joseph G., Forest Hills, NY* Ω

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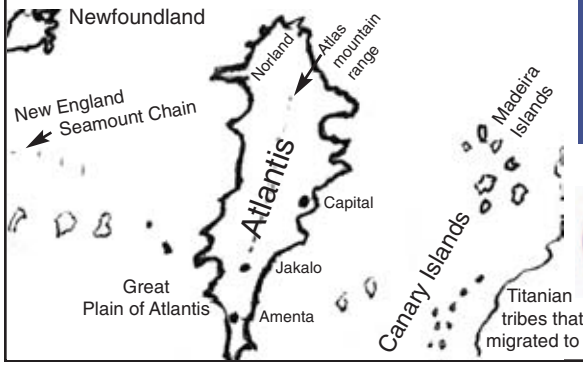

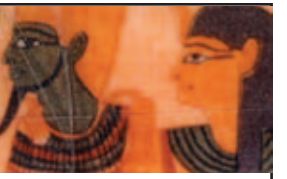

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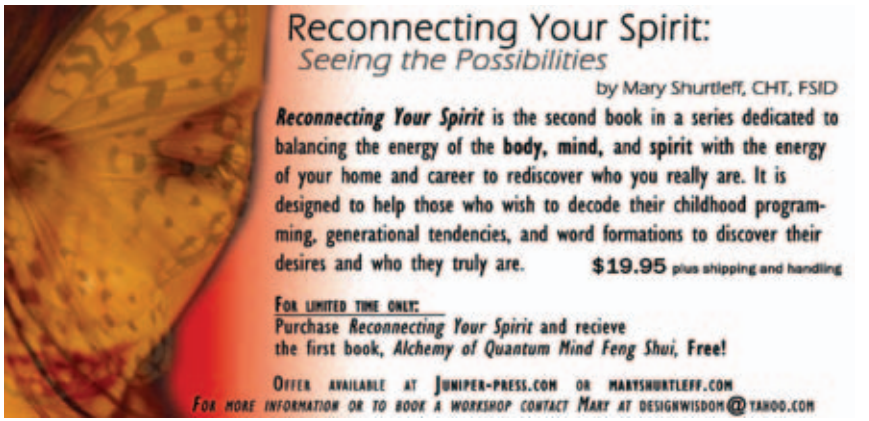
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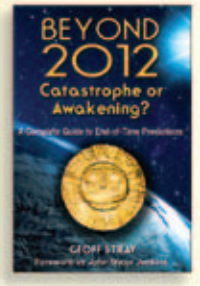

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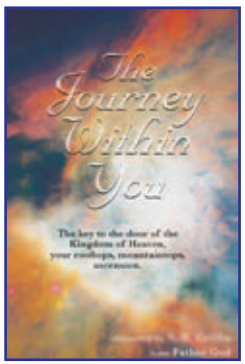

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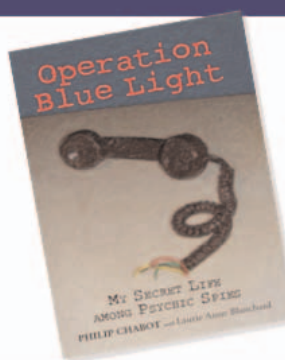

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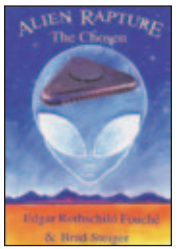

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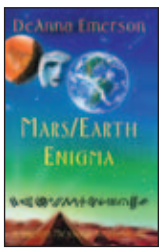

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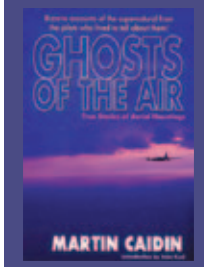

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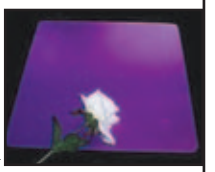

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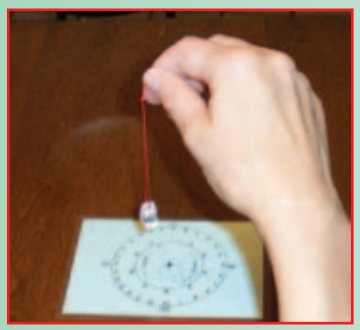

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The Amazing Godwin

I recently finished reading the entire Bible. It only took me 40 years! Anyway, my topic for this issue will be the idea that the Bible is the inerrant Word of God.

Biblical inerrancy is a matter of doctrine in many evangelical and fundamentalist churches. To a skeptic of materialistic outlook, however, it is patent nonsense.

To begin with, let's get our terms straight. Some people have objected to having one or more of these labels applied to them inappropriately. Let's go with the dictionary. An evangelical Christian believes that salvation is through grace or faith, not deeds. Most Lutheran churches are evangelical, and a national organization even has the word as part of its name.

Some even say that all our good deeds, all our righteousness, is as "filthy rags" in the sight of God. This hard saying comes from Isaiah 64:6. Has it been taken out of context? You decide.

A fundamentalist Christian believes in biblical inerrancy and tends to favor a literal interpretation of the Bible. A pentecostal Christian emphasizes belief in the gifts of the Holy Spirit: healing, speaking in tongues, and so on.

Needless to say, these beliefs tend to overlap, so that it is far from unusual to find an evangelical, fundamentalist, pentecostal Christian. These people come in for a lot of criticism from both unbelievers and from mainstream churches.

But what about inerrancy? Critics usually point to the large number of apparent contradictions in Scripture. Defenders seem to be able to explain these away as matters of mistranslation or misunderstanding. For example, one account says that, when Saul had his vision on the way to Damascus, those with him heard a voice speaking to him (Acts 9:7). Another account says they heard nothing (Acts 22:9). But in each case, the Greek word translated as "heard" is different. In one case, it carries a connotation of "understood or apprehended." In the other, it just means physical hearing.

Apologists for biblical inerrancy usually point to the number of prophecies made in the Bible, particularly in the Old Testament, that came true. The Babylonian Captivity (597 B.C.) and return were predicted in some detail by Isaiah in the eighth century B.C. The destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem was predicted by Jesus (Mark 13:1–4). Skeptics say that these "predictions" were written after the fact and inserted into older documents or attributed to figures of the past.

Doubters say that, if the Bible is the Word of God, then He is a self-confessed parental tyrant with the emotional maturity of a spoiled nine-year-old boy. But not everybody reads it that way.

What do you think? The Word of God or pure fiction?—*David F. Godwin* Ω

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Esoteric [es-uh-ter-ik] – adjective

1. understood by or meant for only the select few who have special knowledge or interest. **2.** belonging to the select few. **3.** private; secret; confidential.

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I have been searching for you, for Millenniums. I may not know you by your name, but I know you…

What do I know about you?

I know that you ache within your spirit to solely serve one thing… The Universe, aka God… This has been a secret you have held since your earliest memories. A secret you still hold within you at this very moment.

You have studied many paths, schools and religions and all have failed to quench your inner thirst.

Your search has not been for power or Ego but of servitude for the one you love most, God. You grow tired and wonder how much longer must you search, how much longer will your time be wasted on illusionary paths of knowledge, what is it that you must do, and how much time do you have left.

You are aware of all that I have said. I am sorry to have found you on the back of a magazine. But alas, these are the times we live in, this is a modern age. We must adapt, for we live to serve.

Do not let others distract you from your goal, Do not hinder and let them think for you, be sure to think for yourself. Do not assume to know what it is I offer you. I assure you, if it were that easy to see on the surface it wouldn't be worth seeking out. I ask only that you feel within your chest if I speak words of truth to you. Follow your heart.

I will not make you promises. Rather, I will guarantee this will be the end of your search and the beginning of the greatest adventures of your life! Awaken sleeper, for it is now that you are needed most.

I may hold the keys, but in truth they always belonged to you. Do not hesitate. Do not pause. Feel it out within you and move quickly in your moment of clarity.

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